THE

LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

JANUARY, 1800.

[It is the intention of the Proprietors of the LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM occaſionally to enrich their Publication with elegant and accurate *PORTRAITS* of the FEMALE BRANCHES of the ROYAL FAMILY of GREAT BRITAIN.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

PRINCESS CAROLINA ELIZABETH, daughter of the reigning Duke of Brunſwick, was born May 17, 1768; and to the accompliſhments of her perſon and mind, as ſhe grew up, were added all the advantages that could be derived from an education ſuited to her rank and expectations, and conducted under the immediate direction of the Duke himſelf.

Toward the latter end of the year 1794 her Royal Highneſs was propoſed to the Prince of Wales, her firſt couſin, as a wife; and her character and accompliſhments were ſo highly ſpoken of by the Duke of York, who had ſeen her while he was on the Continent, as to afford the Prince the higheſt ſatisfaction.

On the 2d of November, the King in Council ſigned the neceſſary inſtrument, permitting the marriage to take place; and Lord Malmeſbury had the honour of being appointed to bring the Princeſs to England.

Her Royal Highneſs, attended by his Lordſhip, landed at Greenwich from the Auguſta yacht on the 5th of April 1795, at noon, and arrived about half paſt two at St. James's Palace. The Prince coming ſoon after, her Royal Highneſs was introduced to him, and attempted to kneel, but the Prince caught her up, and ſaluted her.

The Royal Family all dined together that day, and about ſeven o'clock the Princeſs appeared at the window of the Palace (before which, notwithſtanding a heavy fall of rain, a great crowd had aſſembled), and addreſſed the people as follows (alluding as well to the perſons then preſent, as to the gratulations ſhe had received in her way from Greenwich):

"I am extremely flattered by the reception I have met in "this country; I feel grateful for the kindneſſes I have re- "ceived; and hope that I ſhall ever merit the good opinion "of the people. From the dampneſs of the night, and the "length and fatigue of my journey, I really feel indiſpoſed, "and hope that I may be excuſed for withdrawing from the "window."

Her Royal Highneſs then made three curtſeys, and withdrew.

In the evening of Wedneſday, the 8th of April, the ſolemnity of the marriage took place, with great pomp and ſplendour; and at night illuminations and other demonſtrations of joy were general in the town and its environs.

On the 7th of January 1796, her Royal Highneſs was delivered of a Princeſs, who was baptized on the 11th of February by the names of Charlotte Auguſta; the ſponſors being their Majeſties in perſon, and the Ducheſs of Brunſwick repreſented by the Princeſs Royal.

For

For ſome time paſt the Princeſs of Wales has reſided chiefly at Blackheath, only coming to town on court-days, or on occaſional viſits to Carlton-houſe. What may have influenced her Highneſs's choice of this kind of ſecluſion, we cannot be expected to know; but this truth is very extenſively known and felt,—that her time there is principally devoted to deeds of benevolence, which give additional luſtre even to her very exalted rank:

"The wiſdom, Madam, of your private life,
"Where, with this wile, you live a widow'd wife,
"And the right ways you take unto the right,
"To conquer Rumour, triumph over Spight;
"Not only ſhunning, by your act, to do
"Aught that is ill, but the ſuſpicion too;——
"Is of ſo brave example, that he were
"No friend to Virtue could be ſilent here."

BEN JONSON.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

SIR,

AMIDST the various duties which have been recommended, and the excellent precepts which have been enforced, through the intelligent channel of the Lady's Muſeum, I do not recollect having obſerved that the pen of literature has been drawn for the purpoſe of delineating a character conſpicuous for *ſiſterly affection*, or in pourtraying one that has been devoid of that amiable virtue.

Perhaps, Mr. Editor, you may have imagined that, between connections which have been formed by the hand of Nature, Love and Harmony muſt inſtinctively dwell; and that ties cemented by ſuch attractive bonds, can neither be diſſevered by intereſt, nor diſſolved by envy.

Hiſtory and obſervation, doubtleſs, afford many charming inſtances of fraternal and ſiſterly affection; yet, though theſe might be brought to evince the exiſtence of thoſe virtues, com-

mon life affords a variety of proofs of their deficiency, and diſplays by thoſe proofs a corruption in human nature, which ſtaggers Reaſon, and puts Humanity to ſhame!

Of all the paſſions attached to mankind, a fondneſs for retracing the pleaſures of childhood is one of the moſt innocent and refined. With what delight do we reviſit thoſe ſcenes of puerile feſtivity, where felicity was purchaſed by a game at cricket, or happineſs obtained through the medium of a kite; and how imperceptibly do we connect the idea of our own gratifications with that of thoſe who became the participaters in our joys! Hence it is that friendſhips, which were cemented at that early period, when the feelings are warm and the heart tender, outlive thoſe which may be formed at a later date, when intereſt may have been its ſuperſtructure, or ſelfiſh joys the ſource of its erection.

If this ſuperiority is found in favour of friendſhips eſtabliſhed in the days of childhood, muſt not the tender ties of conſanguinity ſtill bind them in a firmer, cloſer bond? And can the fond, beloved name of Siſter ever be obſcured by Envy's ſable dye?

The human affections, like the human heart, cannot eaſily be elucidated, or readily defined; yet often, under the ſpecious appearance of zealous tenderneſs, envy and malevolence may lie concealed.

Belinda Etherington, at the age of ſeventeen, was deprived of the protection of an amiable father, whoſe liberality of ſentiment, and generoſity of mind, had rendered him inattentive to every ſordid conſideration; and whilſt he benevolently relieved the woes of others, he expoſed his own boſom to the ſhafts of misfortune.

With a mind ſo ſuperior to ſelfiſh gratifications, it is not to be ſuppoſed that Captain Etherington left a very affluent fortune; and when it came to be divided into eight portions, Belinda's ſhare was only a few hundred pounds. This ſudden change from affluence to adverſity, Belinda's mind was not calculated to ſuſtain; but, fortunately, ſhe was prevented from

from experiencing the calamity, by the affectionate kindneſs of her elder ſiſter.

Matilda, the darling object of Captain Etherington's affection, had for ſome few years been united to an officer of diſtinction, whoſe generoſity of diſpoſition was equal to her own; and who, anxious to alleviate every pang in Matilda's breaſt, offered his houſe as an aſylum for her family: brothers, ſiſters—all were welcome; and whilſt the former were eſtabliſhed through his intereſt, the latter found in him an affectionate father.

Belinda, by a frankneſs of demeanour, an affability of deportment, and a natural boiſterous hilarity of ſpirits, was received in ſociety with general pleaſure; and whilſt ſhe contributed to the gaiety of others, they diſregarded her want of feminine delicacy. But Time, which leſſens the power of all things, ſoon diminiſhed Belinda's ſway; and thoſe ſallies of mirth, which were admired in a girl, became diſguſting in a woman who had evidently paſſed the climacteric of her charms.

During the thirteen years which Belinda had been foſtered under Matilda's ſheltering roof, Fortune had gradually increaſed her ſtore, as if to reward her for the practice of thoſe virtues which ſprang from affection and ſiſterly regard. Belinda, envious of the partial boon, and inwardly chagrined at her loſs of admiration, cheriſhed a hatred againſt her more fortunate relation, which art and cunning carefully concealed; and whilſt ſhe was inſidiouſly endeavouring to undermine her in the opinion of her friends, her profeſſions of affection and tenderneſs were deſignedly augmented.

Devoid of probity, unchecked by truth, and loſt to every ſenſe of grateful love, ſhe baſely tried to wound her ſiſter's peace in the ſure ſanctuary of her huſband's heart! Deteſted ſtroke of enmity and hate! But it recoiled upon her vicious breaſt, and gave a wound that muſt deſtroy its peace.

Not ſatisfied with attempting to make an eternal breach between thoſe whoſe good fortune had been the means of exciting her envy, ſhe deſtroyed the confidence which had ſubſiſt-

ed between every branch of the family; and all the tender ties of love and friendſhip were ſacrificed to her malicious tongue. Devaſtatious as was the power of that deſtructive member, its influence ſpread beyond a domeſtic boundary; and all who evinced a diſbelief of her falſehoods came under the laſh of its malignant ſtroke.

Theſe, Mr. Editor, are no fabulous inventions, for the purpoſe of caricaturing the Paſſion of Envy, or pourtraying the vices of Falſehood and Ingratitude in colours to make them abhorred and deſpiſed; but it is a mere ſimple unvarniſhed relation of facts which have occurred within my own knowledge; and ſhould it ever be preſented to the obſervation of the unprincipled character in this fable drama, I truſt it may lead her to view her conduct in that diſgraceful light in which it muſt appear to every honeſt mind.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your obedient humble ſervant,

A FRIEND TO TRUTH.

THE OLD WOMAN.

NO. XIX.

TO THE OLD WOMAN.

THE COMPLAINT OF A HEART.

AN ELEGY.

HOW many a tear is regiſter'd on high,
That falls unſeen, conſign'd to ſilent night;
How many a boſom heaves the deep-fetch'd ſigh,
That checks its utt'rance in the glare of light!

The ſacred grief that ſhuns the vulgar gaze
Is ſeated far beyond the reach of art:
Obtruſive woe like lambent lightning plays,
And leaves untouch'd the fibres of the heart.

As

As late I wander'd in a ſhady-grove,
Cloſe by the lake that laves yon winding vale,
When Night's prime regent was the ſtar of Love,*
And ſcarce a ſound came floating on the gale;

Penſive and ſad, a *Druid*'s voice was heard,
Who left mankind to ponder here alone,
And thus his melancholy plaint preferr'd,
And pour'd to Heaven the anguiſh of his moan.

" Ye ſolemn ſhades, to contemplation dear,
" That oft receive me when the world's aſleep,
" My woes I tell to your unconſcious ear,
" And find a covert when I wiſh to weep.

" Ah! little think the dull, inſenſate race,
" By Fortune favour'd, or in ign'rance bleſt,
" The pangs I ſuffer with unalter'd face—
" The vulture gnawings that corrode my breaſt!

" Ah! little thinks the Source of all my woe
" What malice, envy, jealous hate, have done;
" Or, ſure, remorſe would bid the tears o'erflow,
" And conſcience warn, for miſchief to atone.

" Thou Power Supreme! by whoſe almighty hands
" Revolving ſpheres were launch'd in fields of ſpace;
" Thou, whoſe broad eye Creation's tribes commands,
" Whoſe cares, untir'd, ten thouſand worlds embrace:

" Hear me, my God, my parent, and my friend,
" And judge in mercy, for you know my frame;
" Before your ſight, in darkneſs, here I bend,
" And life review with hope, tho' mix'd with ſhame.

" Pure in your eyes no mortal being lives;
" In ev'ry heart Corruption's taint is ſeen:
" Or Chance, or Nature, ſome wrong bias gives;
" The beſt but ſtrive to keep the golden mean.

" If in my ſoul the ſeeds of Virtue lay;
" If care and pains were try'd to raiſe the flow'r;
" If wayward Fortune whelm'd me in diſmay,
" And gave me mis'ry for my laſting dow'r;

* Venus.

" To

" To thee is known. Since firſt a wiſh could riſe,
" Or Reaſon ſtart an object to purſue,
" Strong glow'd my breaſt to win fair Learning's prize,
" While Virtue's love my charm'd attention drew.

" The duteous ſon——No ſad parental tear,
" Call'd from the orbits of affection, fell:
" The only pang my parents had to bear,
" Was, when we parted, at the word——Farewel!

" When young in life, and forc'd to gueſs my road,
" Without one friend to ſteer my bark from harm;
" The world receiv'd me in its vaſt abode,
" And honeſt toil procur'd its plaudits warm.

" Hope's eager eye ſome pictur'd bliſs prepar'd,
" For decent lore, and diligence untam'd;
" The youthful feaſt with ſober ſenſe I ſhar'd,
" And daſh'd the cup where Pleaſure's potions flam'd.

" Chaſtis'd by Reaſon, barr'd from each exceſs
" By niggard Fortune, had I wiſh'd to ſtray,
" I ſtrove by worth, unſkill'd in deep addreſs,
" To clear thro' tranquil ſcenes my noiſeleſs way.

" The Muſes lull'd me in delicious dreams;
" With them in frequent dalliance I rov'd:
" Smit with their charms, I haunted groves and ſtreams,
" And fram'd the lay to objects that I lov'd.

" Warm'd with their flame, I ſpurn'd the narrow ſoul;
" With fix'd contempt th' ignoble action view'd;
" The gen'rous Paſſions nurs'd without controul,
" And what was right, not politic, purſu'd.

" The pure emotion, void of worldly guile,
" That glow'd at home, I fancy'd all poſſeſt;
" Caught the deluſion of an artful ſmile,
" And ſympathy aſſum'd cajol'd my breaſt.

" Alas! too late I pierc'd the ſubtle guiſe,
" Saw the maſk'd conduct, and the baſe pretence;
" Found that a meteor had deceiv'd my eyes,
" And look'd in vain for temper, ſweetneſs, ſenſe.

" Sunk

" Sunk ev'ry hope of dear domeſtic eaſe,
" The pillar broke on which my vows were hung,
" Exceſſive feeling brought deep-laid diſeaſe,
" And mind and body were alike unſtrung.

" For 'twas not loſs of Fortune that I mourn'd;
" Her ſplendid gew-gaws ne'er had charms for me:
" Ambition's voice my better genius ſcorn'd,
" And Pride and Avarice left my boſom free.

" But I had hop'd——and was the boon too great?——
" With peace and competence to crown my age;
" In ſocial bliſs to gain a charm from Fate,
" And play my part, unblam'd, on Life's ſhort ſtage.

" Endear'd, endearing to become, I ſigh'd
" To mix in friendſhip, and to melt in love:
" Alas! each cordial joy to me deny'd;
" The ſad reverſe of all my vows I prov'd!

" But ties were giv'n—— thoſe ties I ſacred deem'd;
" To them I ſacrific'd both eaſe and health:
" No ſocial converſe on my labours gleam'd,
" No helping hand led on my courſe to wealth.

" ——A helping hand!—not ev'n a fav'ring voice
" Sooth'd the lone hours, to miſery a prey:
" I ſaw th' unfeeling breaſt, in pride, rejoice,
" When pains and ills o'erwhelm'd me with diſmay.

" But ceaſe, fond heart——no retroſpective ſight
" Will eaſe your torments, or your cares remove:
" With ev'ry feeling tun'd to home delight,
" I live an alien both to peace and love.

" Back, fooliſh tears!——or if you fall at eve,
" Dry up your ſource, and wreathe in ſmiles the morn;
" Now poignant Sorrow gains the hour to grieve,
" For Heav'n alone beholds my fate forlorn.

" But ſhould a ſigh burſt forth beneath Day's reign,
" A ſinking heart o'erſpread the brow with care,
" Thy breaſt, oh, Malice! would enjoy the ſcene,
" And urge deep anguiſh on to black deſpair.

" Point

" Point out the path that could one pang relieve,
" Name but the mode one comfort to reſtore:
" Indignant Spite——will Duty e'er believe?——
" Would ſeize the clue to make my ſuff'rings more!

" Have I a friend to feel or mourn my fate,
" A hand, a voice, to ſnatch from Ruin's grave;—
" That friend is blaſted with each word of hate—
" That voice is ſilenc'd for its wiſh to ſave!

" Have I a foe, who ſees with jaundic'd eye,
" And ſpreads the venom of foul Slander's tongue;—
" Dear is that foe, and cloſe the bonds that tie
" The author and th' abettors of my wrong!

" Alone I ſtand, and brave the conflict dire,
" Which angry paſſions raiſe around my head;
" Increaſing woes more lively joys inſpire,
" To ſee me ſooner number'd with the dead.

" Yet ſhall my hearſe ſome pious tears attend,
" Or mute regard bewail my rigid doom:
" The ſoul of Sympathy, unſeen, will bend,
" And ſcatter flow'rets o'er my humble tomb:

" For not unlov'd, unfriended ſhall I die,
" Nor quick oblivion ſeize my fading fame:
" In gen'rous boſoms will my mem'ry lie,
" When thoſe who wak'd my plaints ſhall want a name!"

Thus ſweetly plaintive ſung the woe-ſtruck bard,
Then ſhot along the margin of the lake:
I dar'd not interrupt the griefs I heard,
But ſav'd the accents for the ſuff'rer's ſake.

Alas! I cry'd, is this the only meed
That Taſte and Genius from th' obdurate gain?——
But Heav'n, for ends unknown, has oft decreed,
That ſenſe and feeling ſhall be link'd to pain.

Oh, come, ye Dunces!—here your triumphs ſee——
Ye ſouls of Apathy, behold your bliſs!
Your breaſts from exquiſite diſtreſs are free,
If joys ecſtatic, thinly ſtrew'd, ye miſs.

Silence,

Silence, pale Envy!——lay your ſnakes aſide,
When letter'd merit ſeems to ſoar elate;
And boaſt, dull Ignorance! in conſcious pride,
Your bleſt exemption from the Poet's fate!

DESCRIPTION OF

TIPPOO SULTAUN'S ZENANA.

THE whole of the Zenana conſiſts of about eighteen ſquare courts, communicating with each other by narrow paſſages, which afford a free acceſs from one part of it to another, and of which all the ladies are allowed to avail themſelves. The ſeveral apartments, which are on the ground-floor, are ſquare, very lofty, and four of them incloſe a ſpacious ſquare court, into which they open by means of large cedar folding-doors. In the center of each court, which is floored with white tiling, there is a fountain, ſupplied by pipes from an extenſive reſervoir on the outſide of the palace. All the apartments are ornamented externally with beautifully carved wood, celebrated for the difficulty of the workmanſhip, as well as for the taſte with which it is finiſhed. In the inſide, moſt of the rooms are hung with rich ſilks, of various colours; the floors are covered with beautiful carpets; and there are ſofas, diſpoſed at different diſtances, for the purpoſes of ſitting and ſleeping. The cielings of all the apartments are beautiful painted, and the other principal decorations conſiſt of ſolid gold and ſilver mouldings all round the rooms, and very large and valuable looking-glaſſes hung on different parts of the walls, with clocks of exquiſite make.

The dreſs of the Ladies conſiſts of a ſhirt, with remarkably full and looſe ſleeves, hanging almoſt to the ground, the neck and breaſt of which are left open, and their edges are neatly embroidered with gold. They wear fine muſlin drawers, and over the ſhirt a *caftan*, which is a dreſs ſomething ſimilar in form to a looſe great-coat without ſleeves, hanging nearly to the feet, and is made either of ſilk and muſlin, or of gold tiſſue. A ſaſh of fine linen or cotton, folded, is tied gracefully round the waiſt, and its extremities fall below the knees.—To this ſaſh two broad ſtraps are annexed, and, paſſing under each

each arm and over the ſhoulders, form a croſs on the breaſt; and to that part of it which paſſes between the breaſt and ſhoulder of each arm is fixed a gold tortoiſe, careleſsly ſuſpending in front a gold chain. Over the whole dreſs is extended a broad ſilk band, which ſurrounds the waiſt, and completes the dreſs. The hair is plaited from the front of the head backwards, in different folds, which hang looſe behind, and at the bottom are all fixed together with twiſted ſilk. Over their heads they wear a long piece of ſilk, about half a yard wide, which they tie cloſe to the head, and ſuffer the long ends, which are edged with twiſted ſilk, to hang behind in an eaſy manner, nearly to the ground. At the upper part of each ear hangs a ſmall gold ring, ſet with brilliants, half open, which has at one end a cluſter of precious ſtones, ſufficient nearly to fill up the vacancy occaſioned by the opening of the ring. At the tip, or lower part of the ear, is likewiſe ſuſpended a broad and ſolid gold ring, which is ſo large that it reaches as low as the neck, and which, as well as the other, has a cluſter of precious ſtones, in proportion to the ſize of the ring. They wear on their fingers ſeveral ſmall gold rings, ſet with diamonds or other precious ſtones; and on the wriſts broad and ſolid gold bracelets, ſometimes alſo ſet with precious ſtones. Their necks are ornamented with a great variety of bead and pearl necklaces; below theſe a gold chain ſurrounds the neck, and ſuſpends in front a profuſion of brilliants.

ACCOUNT of a remarkable TREE growing on the Iſland of Ferro, or Hiero, one of the Canaries.

THE iſland is a dry and barren ſpot, affording no water, except what is ſupplied in a ſurpriſing manner by the *Fountain-tree*, which grows there, and diſtils water from its leaves in ſuch plenty as to anſwer all the purpoſes of the inhabitants. This tree, according to the hiſtory of the Canary Iſlands, is the only dependance the natives have. One of the ſame kind is ſaid to be in the Iſland of St. Thomas, in the Gulf of Guinea.

The

The Ruins of St. Oſwald.

A ROMANCE.

CHAP. I.

IN a remote Caſtle, on the borders of Switzerland, dwelt (about the beginning of the 14th century) the Baroneſs De Laneville, a widow of fortune and reſpectable character. Of ſeveral children, which ſhe had given birth to during the life of the Baron, one daughter alone ſurvived, and in her were centered all the doating mother's fondeſt affections.

Her family were illuſtrious, all of whom ſhe had diſobliged by her marriage with the man of her choice. One brother only now remained living, who, no longer under controul, treated her with every mark of unalienated affection, and alſo extended his regard to the engaging little Adelaide, in whoſe dawning intellects he diſcovered propenſities of the moſt amiable nature. He had ever been a profeſſed enemy to marriage, conſequently the expectation formed by the Baronneſs of her daughter's inheriting his immenſe fortune was not ill founded. The ſecluded life which the Baroneſs led, by choice, precluded the advantages of education and knowledge of the world which Adelaide would otherwiſe have acquired; and filial affection, ſtrict piety, native modeſty, and a graceful deportment, were her ſole acquiſitions. —She was ignorant of the advantages likely to reſult from the poſſeſſion of a beautiful perſon, having happily been kept out of the way of thoſe flattering compliments which too often intoxicate the ſenſes of young females juſt entering into life, who may probably not be able to boaſt half the attractions ſhe poſſeſſed; and, with regard to dreſs, not having it in her view to attract admiration, ſhe put on good clothes with neatneſs and decency. To the wants of a diſtreſſed vil-

lager ſhe never turned an inattentive ear; and what money ſhe was allowed (being never diſpenſed with extravagance) was ever appropriated to the uſe of the indigent.

Beyond the reach of pernicious example, ſhe ſaw not the ſingularity of her own conduct, and naturally imagined ſhe was but acting up to the duty of her ſtation in performing the offices of humanity; but to the Marquis, her uncle, who had been accuſtomed to the greateſt vices, and had aſſociated with the moſt profligate of both ſexes, her unaffected artleſſneſs had charms almoſt ſuperior to mortality, and he dwelt with rapture on every look or accent which occaſionally tranſpired from her. Love creates love, and Adelaide beheld him with the ſame reverence and affection as ſhe would have beheld a father; omitting nothing in her power, during his frequent viſits at the Caſtle, to make his ſtay agreeable.

She heard him, with aſtoniſhment amounting almoſt to incredulity, relate the faſcinating pleaſures in which he had been engaged, and the fatigues atending ſuch a courſe of diſſipation: at one moment ſighing for the prohibited joys, and the next thanking her fate, which had fixed her far from ſuch dangerous purſuits.

The firſt affliction her guileleſs boſom ever experienced was occaſioned by the death of her adored mother; an affliction which was but to precede others of a far more overwhelming nature. The excellent Baroneſs expired in the arms of her daughter, then but ſixteen years of age, and breathed her laſt ſigh for that dear child's perſeverance in the paths of virtue.

The illneſs of her mother had been ſo ſhort, and her death ſo very ſudden, that no preparation could poſſibly have been made, and the poor diſconſolate Adelaide was left, unprotected, to ſtruggle through a mercileſs world, where youth and innocence are ſo often made the prey of deſigning art. Her exquiſite feelings were tempered by the well-remembered leſſons of her mother, who had ſtrongly implanted in her ductile mind implicit reſignation to the Divine will.—As ſoon, therefore, as the firſt effuſions of grief were abated, ſhe penned a tender letter to the Marquis La Borgeois, requeſting

queſting his preſence; relating the recent loſs ſhe had ſuſtained; pathetically ſtating her own deſolate ſituation, and imploring him either to take her under his own perſonal protection, or place her in ſome monaſtery where ſhe might ſometimes have the ſatisfaction of being viſited by him

This letter diſpatched, ſhe felt her ſpirits relieved of an oppreſſive weight; and, not doubting his compliance, waited his arrival with ſome compoſure. The intervening time ſhe paſſed in collecting all the papers of her deceaſed mother, among which was her will; this Adelaide did not preſume to open until the preſence of her uncle ſhould authoriſe it. This point was, however, ſoon decided, by the ſound of his carriage drawing up to the Caſtle. She met him at the gate;—ſad recollection ruſhed upon her;——ſhe led him to the room which held the remains of the Baroneſs, and, pointing to the loved corpſe, fainted in his arms. The Marquis gazed on her lovely form, preſſed her to his heart with rapture, and vowed to be to her a father.

When he had, by his tender expoſtulations and ſolemn promiſes of protection, calmed the exceſſes of her ſenſibility, he ſuggeſted the neceſſity of inſpecting the will of the deceaſed. The ſervants were accordingly ſummoned, and the ſacred ſeals broken.

After deſcribing the form of her burial, the Baroneſs bequeathed two thouſand pounds to her brother, and appointed him guardian to Adelaide until her twenty-third year. The ſeveral domeſtics were bountifully rewarded, and the will ended with an exhortation to Adelaide to be guided in every action by the Marquis.

Adelaide immediately knelt to him, and affectionately embraced his knees; declaring her implicit confidence in his goodneſs. He raiſed her tenderly, aſſured her of his ardent deſire, in every reſpect, to promote her happineſs; and acquainted her, that it was his wiſh that ſhe ſhould accompany him on his return to his ſeat. Although this was a ſevere mandate to Adelaide, ſhe ſuppreſſed, out of reſpect to him,

her diſtreſs, and acceded with a good grace to this neceſſary arrangement.

The funeral obſequies were performed with as little pomp as poſſible, and the remains of the Baroneſs depoſited in the family mauſoleum, attended by the tears of all her domeſtics, to whom ſhe had been a liberal benefactreſs. As ſoon as all the affairs were ſettled, Adelaide diſmiſſed the ſuperfluous ſervants, retaining only ſuch as were neceſſary to take care of the caſtle, and her own faithful Anna.

Every incident previous to her departure forcibly affected her; among which, the packing up of the clothes and trinkets which had belonged to her mother was moſt particularly trying. She viſited, again and again, every apartment in the Caſtle, and tears trickled down her cheeks at the ſad remembrances which every object excited.

The unwelcome moment too ſpeedily arrived when ſhe was to bid adieu to the ſcenes of her happy childhood. The cottagers of the ſurrounding hamlets were already at the gate to take a laſt adieu of their lovely patroneſs. The doors of the principal chambers were locked, and the keys delivered to the Marquis, whoſe hand trembled when receiving them.—Adelaide ſeated herſelf mournfully by his ſide in the carriage; her head drooped; ſhe reclined upon the ſhoulder of her uncle, and, with an aching heart, took a farewel look of her deſerted habitation. Soon the winding of the road took it from her view, and ſhe turned diſſatisfied away. The Marquis ſoothed her with the kindeſt expreſſions, while her fear of appearing ungrateful made her ſtruggle with her own feelings, and ſhe entered with him into a kind of reſponſive dialogue, being too ſenſibly afflicted to ſtart any ſubject of her own accord.

When the eye is no longer aggrieved with the view of a lamented object, the heart inſenſibly revives, and is gratified with every ſcene that ſeems likely to baniſh reflections of a melancholy caſt: ſo it was that, in proportion as the diſtance from the Caſtle De Laneville increaſed, her gloom gradually diſperſed,

diſperſed, and the remainder of their journey was paſſed, if not merrily, at leaſt comfortably, and ſhe was in a ſtate of tolerable compoſure when they arrived at the Marquis's hotel. Here all ſeemed buſtle and confuſion, and the manners of Paris, inſtead of affording Adelaide a ſingle pleaſing ſenſation, filled her with unſpeakable terror. The tumult occaſioned by the paſſing and repaſſing of the domeſtics increaſed an alarm to a mind unaccuſtomed to ſuch ſcenes, as ſhe had ever paſſed her life with as much tranquillity as if ſhe had been the inhabitant of a cottage. In the family of the Baroneſs the ſtricteſt order and regularity of hours were obſerved; and as they never received company, their rules were not ever infringed upon. Here, the ringing of bells, the rattling of carriages, and the immenſe throng of viſitors, filled her with apprehenſions; and ſhe entreated permiſſion at an early hour toretire.

The Marquis was, as has been before obſerved, acquainted with the great world, having, while quite a youth, been left in poſſeſſion of an immenſe fortune; and, with a diſpoſition naturally gay, he was ſoon made the prey of needy adventurers of all deſcriptions. His temper, conſtitutionally weak and credulous, made him lend a ready ear to the inſidious whiſpers of flatterers, for which, in turn, he paid them in a coin more ſubſtantial. His houſe was ever open to thoſe who had the diſpoſition, without the means, to be faſhionable; while his good nature led him to encourage practices which others would, from prudence, deem iniquitous. Among the moſt depraved of his aſſociates was the Count St. Oſwald, a man of unprincipled libertiniſm and deſigning ſpecioufneſs.—To the artifice of this wretch he was indebted for the loſs of a princely fortune; and at the time of the Baroneſs De Laneville's death, the ſum bequeathed by her was become highly neceſſary to ſatisfy the demands of this rapacious villain.

St. Oſwald was a notorious gambler, and the Marquis was indebted to him in ſums to a conſiderable amount; but ſo far was he blinded by the deception the Count daily practiſed on him, that he believed that wretch a friend, who was, in fact,

haſtening his impending ruin. Generous and diſintereſted to a degree, the Marquis ſaw not the villany practiſed upon him under the aſſumed maſk of friendſhip, and ſuffered the Count to acquire ſuch aſcendancy over him, that he was unable to relieve himſelf.

To this man Adelaide was introduced by her uncle, as his beſt friend, and her heart, in ſpite of the repugnance his forbidding aſpect inſpired her with, prepared to honour him as ſuch. His lank jaws were contracted into a ſmile, as he took her hand, and, with a thouſand grimaces, laviſhed extravagant encomiums upon her beauty; embelliſhing his diſcourſe with ſuch laboured metaphors, as made Adelaide almoſt unable to ſuppreſs her riſibility. The Marquis, inſtantly comprehending her thoughts, ſtepped up to them, and, fearful ſhe ſhould offend the Count, who did not want penetration, ſaid——

"Come, come, St. Oſwald, you muſt not rally my niece thus: ſhe is come from an obſcure part of the world, where looking-glaſſes are not in uſe; you muſt therefore excuſe her ignorance of the gallant ſpeech you made; but when I have recommended to her uſe 'the key to polite literature,' I doubt not that ſhe will be able to comprehend you, and ſhew her gratitude accordingly."

With this ſpeech, made in a tone of raillery, and with an arch look at Adelaide, the Count ſeemed well ſatisfied; and Adelaide, by carefully avoiding him, prevented his having the opportunity of again addreſſing her with his abſurd adulation.

CHAP. II.

One morning, a few days after their arrival at the hotel, the trampling of horſes in the court-yard rouſed Adelaide from her reſt at an earlier hour than uſual. Preſently the great bell was rung, and the ſound being directly under the apartment where ſhe ſlept, ſhe ſtarted from her bed, and opened the window, to diſcover the cauſe of this unuſual diſturbance. A young man alighted from a horſe: he was dreſſed

dreſſed in the extremity of faſhion; he was tall, well made, and tolerably handſome, talked in a loud voice to thoſe about him, and ſeemed in a very ill humour. Adelaide cloſed the caſement, and, not being in the leaſt inclined to ſleep, dreſſed herſelf, and ſat down to wait the hour of breakfaſt.—By this time the family were all in motion, and when Anna came to inform her breakfaſt was ready, Adelaide interrogated her concerning the ſtranger.

"Why, dear Madam," replied the girl, "it is the Count's ſon, juſt come from Naples; and a fine-looking gentleman he is, but ſomewhat queeriſh, for he kicks all the things about, calls for a dozen different refreſhments, and gives as much trouble as if he was maſter here. I can't think the Marquis will ſuffer it."

Adelaide had heard enough, and, checking the girl's volubility, ſhe deſcended to the breakfaſt parlour, where the Chevalier Dufour was preſented to her. His dark, penetrating eyes were inſtantly fixed on her with a look of admiration, and ſhe timidly concealed her face from his eager gaze. He led her to a ſeat with an air of reſpect; and ſeating himſelf by the ſide of her, he endeavoured to draw her into converſation. A conduct ſo different from the hauteur ſhe had been led to expect irreſiſtibly commanded her attention, and ſhe liſtened to his deſcriptions of the different countries he had viſited with complaiſance; and by his elegant manners, and inſinuating addreſs, he inſenſibly weaned her from her reſerve. He appeared about thirty, and his fine figure, with the advantage of an agreeable addreſs, rendered him an object of no contemptible degree in the eyes of Adelaide.

The ſignificant glances exchanged between her uncle and the Count in ſome meaſure alarmed her, and, fearing ſhe had inadvertently been too familiar, ſhe changed her ſeat as ſoon as ſhe conveniently could. Dufour, not eaſily repulſed where his inclination led him to purſue, ſoon followed her; and again his polite attentions and pleaſing addreſs reſtored her to her former behaviour.

As

As ſoon as the term of mourning was expired, Adelaide, to oblige the Marquis, ſuffered herſelf to be introduced to the circles of faſhion, and to every place of public reſort. She was eſcorted by Dufour, whoſe gallantry made no ſmall impreſſion on the ſuſceptible heart of Adelaide; who, unuſed to the attentions of the other ſex, more readily admitted of his attractions.

If her figure had charms for the Chevalier in its original unadorned ſtate, her appearance when dreſſed for her introduction at Court dazzled him; and he readily avowed his acquieſcence to the will of his father, who had purpoſely ſent for him, to endeavour, by his aſſiduities, to inſpire Adelaide with a favourable opinion of him. Her fortune, which the Count knew muſt be immenſe, firſt inſpired him with theſe views, which required uncommon exertions to render practicable, as there were impediments of an important nature to obſtruct his mercenary views.

Dufour, though not deficient in worldly policy, would certainly not h ve been ſo eaſily drawn into concurrence with his father's ſchemes, had they not been ſeconded by his own admiration of the object; but, as it was, neither humanity nor juſtice could ſuggeſt a reaſon why he ſhould not gratify his wiſhes.

Meanwhile the unſuſpecting victim of villany beheld the Chevalier with daily increaſing kindneſs; and the Marquis, though convinced of the impropriety of ſuch a union, did not dare to interfere; but, in compliance with the perpetual entreaties of the Count, referred the matter entirely to Adelaide. Partial as ſhe was to the Chevalier, ſhe refuſed to come to a poſitive determination, alledging her youth as a reaſon for refuſing her immediate compliance.

Dufour affected, and indeed felt, the utmoſt chagrin; till, worn out with inceſſant importunities, ſhe at length agreed, that if the Chevalier would leave her to herſelf for one year, at the expiration of that time ſhe would be his. Satisfied, though not rejoiced, at this conditional conſent, Dufour quit-

ted the hotel, and retired with his father to their reſidence in Orleans, where ſome arrangements were to be made for the reception of his bride; and Adelaide was left to reflect, at leiſure, on the agreement ſhe had entered into.

The Marquis too well knew the motives of the Count in ſoliciting the hand of his niece, but could not, with honour, recede, notwithſtanding Adelaide began to waver in her reſolution; her diſguſt to the father rendering her averſe to any connection with the family.

About this time an event, as alarming as it was unlooked for, threw her into the utmoſt conſternation. The Marquis, who had of late lived rather freely, and indulged in exceſſes of a moſt deſtructive nature, was, late one night, brought home in a ſtrong fit. The diſtracted Adelaide flew to procure him every aſſiſtance in her power; but the exertions of all around were uſeleſs. He continued ſpeechleſs for ſeveral hours, and the ſurgeon who attended him declared he could not ſurvive four-and-twenty more. He was immediately bled, but the operation was performed with ſo much difficulty, as to preclude all hopes. Towards morning he recovered the uſe of his faculties. The firſt object he beheld was his niece, bending fondly over him. He motioned the attendants to withdraw, and, claſping her in his arms, was about to ſpeak, when ſtrong convulſions again ſeized him, and before any relief could be given him he expired.

Adelaide was carried ſenſeleſs from the chamber, and continued in a moſt alarming ſtate of inſenſibility for ſeveral days; during which time a meſſenger had been ſent to the Count St. Oſwald. He immediately repaired to Paris, and arrived juſt as Adelaide, recovered from her firſt ſhock, was kneeling by the ſide of the corpſe of her uncle.

The Count attempted to conſole her with many commonplace obſervations, which her mind was too ill at eaſe to attend to. The Marquis died inteſtate, conſequently Adelaide was his indiſputable heireſs; but his affairs were in ſuch a deranged ſtate, that ſhe gladly conſigned them to the care of the Count, who *conſiderately* undertook the charge; and had the

the effects of the Marquis been, in fact, treble their real amount, they would have afforded but a paltry compenſation to Adelaide for the loſs ſhe had ſuſtained.

The Count availed himſelf of this opportunity to remind her how neceſſary it was for her to ratify the promiſe given to his ſon, by the immediate acceptance of his hand; as her preſent deſtitute ſtate required a huſband's protection.

Adelaide was hurt at the indelicacy of this ſpeech, and could not think of uniting herſelf ſo immediately after the death of her uncle. To ſatisfy her on this point, he repreſented to her, that the ceremony ſhould be as ſecret as ſhe choſe; but that, as it was neceſſary ſhe ſhould accompany him to the Abbey, it would be but proper that the ceremony ſhould take place immediately upon her arrival there. To this, after much perſuaſion, ſhe gave a reluctant conſent.

Adelaide found not in the company of the Count that tender ſolicitude for her eaſe that ſhe had experienced on a ſimilar though not leſs awful occaſion from the Marquis: on the contrary, he treated her with a kind of malignant pleaſure, that made her recoil; and when he received the keys, and placed his ſeals on the effects of the deceaſed, he gave a ſmile, that Adelaide vainly endeavoured to conſtrue the ſignification of. Fearing, however, to miſinterpret his actions, ſhe behaved to him with her uſual politeneſs, and in the receſſes of her own heart concealed her abhorrence of his apparent unfeeling exultation.

As ſoon as the funeral obſequies were performed, which were hurried as much as poſſible by the Count, Adelaide prepared for her journey, and, with an aching heart, once more changed her habitation. During their ride, the Count ſeemed wrapped in his own meditations, and Adelaide gave unreſtrained indulgence to her tears. They were ſoon dried by the preſence of the Chevalier, who, apprized of their approach, haſtened to meet them; and Adelaide, upon the ſight of him, felt all her prepoſſeſſions in his favour revive, and in her heart ſhe breathed a fervent prayer that he might not more reſemble his father in diſpoſition than he did in perſon.

ſon. The countenance of Duſour changed when he beheld her penſive aſpect, and he tenderly reproached her with diſtruſt of their approaching union. His ſoothing blandiſhments at length reſtored her to compoſure; and even her terrors at the ſight of the huge mouldering columns of the Abbey was diſpelled by the ſatisfaction the preſence of Dufour imparted to her perturbed ſpirits.

The Abbey St. Oſwald was a magnificent ſtructure, raiſed on the acclivity of a ſteep crag, inacceſſible on the ſide overhanging the vale, from whence the nodding trees ſeemed to threaten deſtruction to the paſſengers beneath. The north wing, which extended along the brow of the hill, was an entire heap of ruins, which ſeemed to afford ſhelter to the wild natives of the woods. To Adelaide the place ſeemed gloomy and cheerleſs, yet the accommodation prepared for her within precluded all poſſibility of complaint; and her mind, ever willing to behold the bright ſide of objects, reconciled her to all the inconveniencies of the place.

In compliance with the wiſhes of the Count, ſhe was married to the Chevalier within a few days after her arrival; and as Dufour behaved to her with the moſt delicate affection, ſhe had no reaſon to complain of the haſte with which it was hurried on.

One thing occurred which filled Adelaide with ſurpriſe:—from Anna ſhe learnt, that all the domeſtics were new, not one having lived in the family more than ſix months. Of this Adelaide forbore to enquire from Dufour, leſt he ſhould ſuppoſe ſhe encouraged the tattle of ſervants; and ſoon other domeſtic cares baniſhed all remembrance of it from her mind.

The happineſs enjoyed by Adelaide was ſoon augmented by the birth of a ſon, on whom Dufour laviſhed the utmoſt fondneſs; and, in memory of her beloved uncle, Adelaide had the child baptized Alfred; and, ſome time after, a daughter named after her own mother, Louiſa. The kindneſs of Dufour was, if poſſible, increaſed by theſe precious pledges;

pledges; and Adelaide, in her heart, condemned the unjuſt ſurmiſes ſhe had formed againſt her huſband, whoſe increaſing tenderneſs left her no room for fear.

[*To be continued.*]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

SIR,

"It was, of old, the province of the bard
"Public from private, ſacred from profane,
"To ſeparate."

IT has been, I think, in every period and country of the world, the great and generous aim of Moraliſts and Lawgivers, whether aſſuming Divine authority or otherwiſe (but actuated always by the Divine Temper), to throw the balance of ſentiment on the ſide of the unfortunate.* Now, Sir, without enquiring into the comparative chances of happineſs in the married and ſingle ſtates, I regard Female celibacy as, decidedly, a misfortune, becauſe it expoſes the individual to popular opprobrium; and, governed by theſe principles of judgment, I have felt conſiderable indignation at certain expreſſions and opinions that have lately fallen from ſome of your correſpondents.

I am not ſorry that I cannot at preſent refer to any of the preciſe words that have been uſed, and that my memory ſupplies me with only their general tenor. I ſhall from this circumſtance avoid perſonal altercation; and it will not, certainly, be any injury to the *Lady's Muſeum*, that the language alluded to ſhall occur in it but once.

To begin by tracing the ſource of the illiberal and dangerous mode of expreſſion that has been uſed, I muſt obſerve,

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* See the "Remarks on the partiality of Writers to the Unhappy."

that,

that a prepoſterous opinion ſeems to be held by its authors to the effect,—that this female celibacy is voluntary; nay, premeditated.

They talk, Sir, as if the unproductive days that poor Ezekiel Daw ſo dreaded in proſpect, were actually, by the general reſolution of Britiſh ladies, about to come to paſs!—One might ſuppoſe, from what they ſay, that our boarding-ſchools are filled with novitiates and embrio nuns; that our routs and aſſemblies are to be abandoned, and are now viſibly thinned, to fill the cells of a convent; that the tamborine, the triangle, and all the delights of Comus, are every day forſaken, by freſh votaries for monaſtic peace and monaſtic ſecluſion; that, to deſcend to particulars, the veil, which is now thrown back for the ſake of genteel boldneſs, and in compliance with the manners of the world, is, in fact, ſhortly to do its duty as a veil of the cloiſter. To be ſerious, Sir, they would lead us to ſuppoſe, that, though convents are no more, vows of celibacy are a prevailing faſhion. I cannot, without attributing them to this perſuaſion, reconcile to common ſenſe many paſſages, that, in a general way, I recollect; but, having thus accounted for them, one is ready to exclaim— "Generous ſouls!—anxious for the continuation of mankind, how zealouſly they beſtir themſelves!——And may Venus proſper their endeavours!"

Female celibacy is not (of courſe I ſpeak generally) voluntary, much leſs premeditated. Theſe extraordinary writers may, therefore, ſpare themſelves the uſeleſs labour of preaching againſt the ſtate to thoſe whom it may poſſibly befal, and the unhandſome, nay immoral taſk of loading it with ſarcaſm and reproach where it actually exiſts.

Female celibacy is, no doubt, an enormous evil; but it is an evil, as I conceive, inſeparable from that ſtate of ſociety to which we have arrived: many and great obſtacles exiſt in the way of marriage, of which *women* (but no individual *woman*) are the cauſe; and I will venture to predict, as the neceſſary conſequence of our preſent mode of life, that the uſe

of marriage will continue to decline. Under theſe circumſtances, I think it the duty of every one to be careful in what terms he ſpeaks of (to uſe the not over-delicate phraſe which I have learned of your correſpondents) *antiquated virginity*.

It has been ſtrangely aſſumed in ſome part of your Muſeum, that "*all* your readers are or will be mothers." The contrary muſt be the truth; or, at leaſt, conſidering what is the ſtate of ſociety, I *hope* it will be the truth. I muſt be permitted to add,—they *may* be mothers without being married; and though I cannot diſcover the poſſibility of benefit from vilifying or ridiculing *antiquated virginity*, yet I can eaſily ſee a dreadful two-fold miſchief in making celibacy the great terror of feminine apprehenſion. It had been commendable in the inventors, or even the retailers, of this happy phraſe,—if they have any regard for the morals of ſociety—if they are of opinion that haſty marriage is not always adviſeable—if they think proſtitution is to be avoided, though it is the conſtant employment of ſeveral novel writers to bring this condition into repute, and I believe, God bleſs them! they are tolerably ſucceſsful;——it had been kind of them, I ſay, the inventors or retailers of this happy phraſe, if they had given ſome little definition of the age that is called *antiquated*.—— What do they mean?——20—30—40—50—60? or what? Such a particularization might, already, have ſaved ſome unhappy girls from too haſty an attempt to eſcape their accurſed ſtigma. I *muſt* ſay to them—

"There is a public miſchief in your mirth:
"It plagues your country."

To thoſe who poſſeſs native delicacy, I would recommend caution with reſpect to the readineſs with which they uſe a ſtyle of language and habit of expreſſion that have their origin, I ſuſpect, in a diſpoſition ſomewhat bordering on licentiouſneſs. In the words of a writer, with whom, upon ſome topics, I ſhould be ſorry to be thought in uniſon, I would tell them, that,

that, they would—"do well to reflect, when descanting on unmarried women, whether, as formerly, by choice, or, as now, by accident, how far it is decorous to deride with too broad a laugh!*"

It is not, however, I shall be told, perhaps, by these writers (abandoning the direct scope of their words), it is not the unmarried condition of these women that excites their ridicule or reproach, but the habits and tempers which they have observed, or read of, as prevailing among them.

Sir, you are well aware, that every condition of human life nurses its peculiar habits and tempers; that there is no situation which is favourable to *all* our good propensities, nor any that excites to *every* vice: we are the creatures of circumstance; and this it is that makes "the thread of our life of a mingled yarn;" this it is that makes a well-instructed and strong mind so useful, by enabling us, in some degree, to swim against the current in which we happen to fall, when that current would drive us in the way of evil, and which floats the less sturdy wherever it will. But, Sir, if much candour is due to every individual in his situation; if allowance is to be made for his *peculiar* trials; and if something is always to be said for those even who are placed in circumstances which, as they are the result of the necessary course of things, we must call natural, what is to be granted to those, and with what indulgence are they to be viewed, who are absolutely placed in situations for which Nature has in no wise prepared them?

It is, no doubt, the *privilege* of philosophy to rise superior to privation and disappointment; but this is an elevation to which few, and especially the victims of female education, can be expected to attain. "Poor human nature" will, in general, bow beneath its burden, and become diseased in the

* Strictures on Female Education, vol. I., p. 21.

degrading atmoſphere into which it is caſt, rather than, by arduous exertion, gain that lofty region, which is

"High above the ſtorms of Time;
"High above Misfortune's flood."

The ſtate of female celibacy is, then, expoſed to many errors. I ſhall not examine into the nature or multitude of theſe errors in compariſon with thoſe of other ſtates: if they are worſe, and more numerous; and if the individuals yield to them to a greater degree and more frequently than might be inſtanced in their competitors in leſs favourable ſituations (neither of which hypotheſes do I believe to be true), I have already prepared an apology in the ſingularity of their condition.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

GRISELIDIS.

ON the borders of Piedmont, in Lombardy, is a noble domain called Saluces, the poſſeſſors of which have always borne the title of Marquis. The braveſt and moſt powerful of all theſe noblemen was one named Gautier: he was tall and handſome, and endowed with the choiceſt gifts of Nature; but he had one fault,—he loved too well the liberty of a ſingle life, and never could bear to think of marriage. His barons and vaſſals were much grieved at it, and met to confer amongſt themſelves on the ſubject; and, after deliberating, they ſent deputies, in their names, to addreſs him in the following manner:—

"Our ſovereign lord, and ſole maſter, the love we bear you has inſpired us with the boldneſs thus to addreſs you.—You have always made us happy, and we think ourſelves fortunate to live under ſuch a maſter: but conſider, beloved lord, the years paſs quickly away, never to return; and although

you

you are now in the prime of life, old age and death, from which none are exempt, daily approach. Your faithful vaſſals, who will never diſobey you, now requeſt, that you will permit them to find a lady, who, from high birth, beauty, and virtue, ſhall be worthy to become your wife. Grant, ſire, this favour to your faithful ſubjects; that, ſhould any misfortune happen to your noble perſon, we may not, in addition to our grief, be left without a maſter."

To this addreſs Gautier, much affected, replied—

"My friends, it is true I had rather enjoy my preſent liberty, which I muſt loſe by marrying, if I may believe thoſe who have tried it. Another inconvenience attending the marriage ſtate is, that the children we have ſo earneſtly wiſhed for, we ſometimes doubt being our own. Notwithſtanding this, I promiſe you to take a wife; and hope, from the goodneſs of God, that he will grant me one with whom I ſhall live happy. But firſt, I wiſh you to promiſe me one thing, ——That whoever I ſhall make choice of, be ſhe of high or low degree, you will reſpect and honour her as your lady; and that none of you will afterwards preſume to blame my choice, or murmur at it."

The barons and vaſſals promiſed faithfully to obſerve the commands of the Marquis, and thanked him for having yielded to their requeſt. He then fixed the day of his nuptials, which diffuſed an univerſal joy through all his domain.

At a little diſtance from the Caſtle was a ſmall village, inhabited only by labourers, which the Marquis often paſſed through when he went a hunting. Among the inhabitants was a poor old man, whoſe name was Janicola, bending under the infirmities of age, and who could ſcarcely walk. The bleſſing of Heaven is often ſhed upon the humble cottage!—This good old man was a proof of it; for he had an only daughter, called Griſelidis, the beauty of whoſe mind ſurpaſſed, if poſſible, that of her perſon, and who ſweetly ſoothed and

ſuſtained his old age. In the day time ſhe kept a few ſheep which he had; and in the evening, when ſhe brought them back to the fold, ſhe prepared their ſcanty repaſt, and raiſed and ſupported him upon his humble bed. Indeed, there was no care or tenderneſs which a daughter owes a father that the virtuous Griſelidis did not beſtow upon her's.

The Marquis De Saluces had been for ſome time informed by common report of the virtue and reſpectable conduct of this amiable girl. He had often, when he went a hunting, ſtopped to look at her; and, in his heart, had determined, if ever he choſe a wife, it ſhould be Griſelidis.

At length the day fixed for the wedding arrived, and the palace was filled with knights, ladies, and people of all ranks; but it was in vain that they aſked each other who was the intended bride: none of them could tell. The Marquis ſet out from the Caſtle, attended by all the company, as if he was going to meet her; and when he arrived at the cottage of poor old Janicola, he ſaid to him—

"Janicola, I know you have always loved me, and to-day I expect that you will prove it, by giving me your daughter in marriage."

The poor old man, aſtoniſhed at this propoſal, humbly replied——

"Sire, you are my ſovereign lord and maſter, and your will is mine."

The Marquis then, addreſſing the daughter (who ſtood by her father, much confuſed at this unexpected gueſt), ſaid—

"Griſelidis, your father has given his conſent, and I hope to have your's alſo, to be my bride. But you muſt firſt anſwer me one queſtion in his preſence.——I wiſh to have a wife who will be ſubmiſſive to me in every thing, who has no will but mine, and, whatever may be my caprices or commands, be always ready to obey them. If you become mine, do you conſent to obſerve theſe conditions?"

Griſelidis replied———"My lord, as ſuch is your will, never will I do or wiſh for ought but what you pleaſe to command;

mand; and ſhould you order me to be put to death, I promiſe you to ſuffer without a murmur."

"It is ſufficient," ſaid the Marquis, and at the ſame time took her hand, and, leading her out of the cottage, preſented her to his barons and ſubjects; ſaying—"My friends, behold my wife—behold your lady—whom I beg of you to love and reſpect, as you do myſelf."

After he had ſaid theſe words ſhe was conducted to the palace, where her attendants dreſſed her in the moſt ſplendid manner, and with all the nuptial ornaments. She bluſhed and trembled, which is not at all ſurprizing; for any one who had only ſeen her at the village, and the moment after ſo adorned, muſt have been aſtoniſhed.

The marriage was celebrated that day; the Caſtle re-echoed with all ſorts of muſical inſtruments, and the ſound of mirth and joy, for his ſubjects appeared to partake of the delight of their maſter.

Until then Griſelidis had been eſteemed for her excellent conduct, and from that time, ſweet, affable, and obliging, ſhe made herſelf as much beloved; and all who knew her, either before or after her exaltation, thought ſhe merited her good fortune.

Some time after ſhe became pregnant, and was delivered of a daughter that promiſed to be one day as beautiful as her mother. Though the Marquis and his ſubjects would rather have had a ſon and heir, there were great rejoicings every where. The child was nurſed at the palace by the mother, and when ſhe was weaned, Gautier, who, though he admired the virtues of his wife, and loved her every day more and more, had been for ſome time determined upon his project to prove her obedience, came, one day, into her apartment with the air of a man much diſturbed at ſomething, and ſaid to her—

"Griſelidis, without doubt you have not forgotten what was your ſituation before I raiſed you to the rank of my wife: for my own part, I had nearly loſt the remembrance of it, of which the many proofs I have given you of my tender friendſhip

ſhip muſt convince you; but of late, and particularly ſince you were brought to bed, my vaſſals have murmured highly at being deſtined to become, at a future time, ſubjects to the grand-daughter of Janicola; and it being my intereſt to preſerve their attachment, I find myſelf obliged to make them this cruel ſacrifice, which will coſt my heart ſo dear. I was not, however, willing to reſolve upon it, without firſt informing you; and I am now come to aſk your conſent, and exhort you to ſhew that obedience you promiſed before you became my wife."

"Dear ſire," humbly replied Griſelidis, without letting appear on her countenance the ſmalleſt ſign of grief, "you are my ſovereign, lord, and huſband: my daughter and myſelf are wholly at your diſpoſal; and whatever you may pleaſe to command, I never will forget the obedience and ſubmiſſion I owe and have ſolemnly vowed to you."

So much moderation and ſweetneſs aſtoniſhed the Marquis, who retired apparently much afflicted, but in his heart full of love and admiration of his wife. When he was alone, he called an old ſervant, who had been long attached to him, and, explaining his deſign, ſent him to the Marchioneſs, to whom he ſaid—

"Madam, deign to pardon the melancholy commiſſion I am charged with. My lord and maſter demands your daughter."

At theſe words Griſelidis, calling to mind the diſcourſe of the Marquis juſt before, believed that he had ſent for his daughter to have her put to death. She, however, diſſembled her grief, and repreſſed her tears; and, without making the leaſt complaint, or even breathing a ſigh, took the child from its cradle, and looked at it with the tendereſt affection for ſome moments; then, having made the ſign of the croſs on its forehead, and kiſſed it for the laſt time, ſhe reſigned it to the ſteward.

When this man returned to his maſter, and related the proof of courage and ſubmiſſion he had juſt witneſſed, the Marquis could not ceaſe admiring the virtues of his wife; and when

when he ſaw the tears of the little child which he held in his arms, his heart relented, and he was near giving up his cruel experiment; but his reſolution returned, and he ordered his old ſervant to convey his daughter ſecretly to Bologne, and put her under the care of the Counteſs D'Empeche, his ſiſter, and requeſt that ſhe ſhould be educated under her own eye, but to inform no perſon whatever, not even the Count, her huſband, of the myſtery. The ſteward punctually fulfilled his orders; and the Counteſs took charge of the child, and had her ſecretly brought up, as her brother requeſted.

After this ſeparation, the Marquis lived with his wife as before. He often watched her countenance, to try if he could read in her eyes any expreſſion of grief or reſentment; but in vain; for ſhe invariably ſhewed the ſame love and reſpect, without the leaſt appearance of melancholy, and never, either before him or in his abſence, once mentioned her daughter's name.

In this manner four years paſſed away, at the end of which time ſhe had a ſon, which completed the happineſs of the father, and delighted his vaſſals. She nurſed him herſelf, as ſhe had done the other; and when this darling child was two years old, the Marquis was determined to make another trial of the patience of Griſelidis. He went to her, ſaying the ſame as he did about his daughter. Oh! what muſt have been the ſufferings of this incomparable woman, at that moment, when, calling to mind that ſhe had already loſt her daughter, ſhe ſaw they were going to murder her ſon, her laſt hope, and the only child ſhe ſuppoſed ſhe had left!

Where is there, I will not ſay a tender mother, but compaſſionate ſtranger, who would not have ſhed tears at ſuch a ſentence?——— Queens!—princeſſes!—ladies!—women of all ranks!—attend to her reply, and profit by her example.

"Dear ſire, I formerly vowed, and now ſolemnly repeat that vow, never to diſobey you. When on entering this palace I quitted my humble dreſs, I reſigned at the ſame time my will to your's for ever; and could I poſſibly divine your wiſhes, you would always find them anticipated. Inform me only

only of your commands: if to prepare for death, I willingly conſent; for I ſhould prefer that to the misfortune of offending you!"

Gautier was more and more aſtoniſhed. One who had known leſs of Griſelidis might have ſuppoſed ſuch firmneſs of mind proceeded only from inſenſibility; but he, who had ſo often witneſſed, when ſhe nurſed her children, the exceſs of her tenderneſs for them, knew that that reſolution could only proceed from the great love ſhe bore him.

He ſent, as before, his faithful ſteward for the child, and had him carried to Bologne, and brought up with his little ſiſter.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

SIR,

I AM what they call a country gentleman, and reſide in the North of England. The arrival of my niece from Paris, where ſhe had been for three years, to finiſh her education, was the cauſe of a viſit I made to the metropolis,—But how diſappointed—how vexed! I never came to London on ſo fooliſh an errand. If you will indulge me, Mr. Editor, with your patience, I will communicate the particulars and my troubles to you.

The morning after my arrival I went to my brother's houſe, when (after the uſual compliments had paſſed, which naturally occur on ſuch occaſions when the parties have not ſeen each other for ſome years) the bell was rung, and my arrival ordered to be *announced* to my niece: I think that was the word; but Engliſh is ſo altered! Well, ſhe ſoon appeared. The motion of her body was highly pictureſque. It put me in mind, Mr. Editor, of part of an old ſong about the Fairies—"Lightly trip it o'er the green"—for ſo ſhe ſkimmed over the carpet. Advancing, ſhe exclaimed—

"*Ah!*

"*Ah! mon cher oncle*, how glad I am to ſee you! *Que je vous embraſſe!*"

This, I found, was done as upon the ſtage, by encompaſſing me in her arms, and making three ſham kiſſes. On my part, I took her by the hand, ſhook it heartily, and impreſſed on her lips a hearty ſmack.

"*Oh! mon cher oncle*," continued ſhe, "how *redevable* I am to you for your kind attention to me during *mon ſejour à Paris*. I never will forget the *devoir* I owe you:—no; the *reconnoiſſance* ſhall remain with me *juſqu'à la mort*."

Here ſhe pauſed, and ſunk—ſunk—ſunk——till I really thought ſhe was going through the floor. However, a few minutes convinced me that ſhe knew how to make the moſt of her perſon, by a gradual riſe to her former ſtature. Here I could not help applying to my ſiſter, with—"Pray, ſiſter, what has Nancy been talking about?"

"Why, brother, it is what we call, in London, the *ton*, or faſhionable method of ſpeaking Engliſh. Nanette," continued my ſiſter, "fetch thoſe ruffles you worked for your uncle and aunt."

"Nanette!!—what, the plague, you are not content with putting another tongue into the girl's head, but have certainly re-baptized her, and ſhe is become a Roman Catholic! I am her godfather, and I named her Nancy."

A pauſe here enſued, which I broke with aſking my brother Woolhead (for ſuch is his name) what they meant by changing the girl's name; and if that was alſo the *tune*, or *tone?*

"Pſhaw!—pſhaw!" replied my brother, "it is the faſhion; at leaſt my wife tells me ſo; and I leave the education of the girl to her."

The entrance of my niece put a ſtop to my brother's elocution, and Nancy advanced towards me with her former eaſe and elegance—

"*Mon cher oncle* will be pleaſed to accept of this *bagatelle*, as a faint *reſſouvenir* of the many favours conferred upon me: and I requeſt, Sir, *de vous charger* with this for *ma chere tante*.

tante. They were eſteemed at Paris *d'un gout exquis*, and I flatter myſelf will convince her that I am greatly improved in three years, and that my hours have not been *ennuyant.*"

Here, Mr. Editor, I loſt all patience. ——— "What!—three years in embroidering two pair of ruffles! I ſuppoſe they are lace."

"Lace! brother," replied my ſiſter: "look at the pattern! No; they are tambour! Why, that pattern in lace would have taken up the whole life of Nanette to have compleated. I will tell you, brother; ſhe was employed in that work when the more eſſential parts of education did not require her attendance; ſuch as muſic, ſinging, and dancing; the method of gallantry at the toilet, and to become a *jeux d'Eſprit* at a maſquerade."

"But, ſiſter," interrupting her, "you have not mentioned any thing about houſewifery. Can ſhe cut out and make a ſhirt? Does ſhe know the management of linen in general? You know what I mean. Does ſhe know how to make a pudding—or ſpit a joint of meat—or give proper directions to her ſervants if they ſhould not know how to do it?"—

At this they ſtared at me, and I at them.

"Why, brother," replied my ſiſter, "the method of education you ſpeak of has been exploded, in and about the metropolis, many years. It may do well enough in the country; but I am glad to find that even there refinement ſteals upon them apace, from the ſquire to the ploughman."

My ſiſter's laſt reflection I thought rather a home ſtroke, being an utter ſtranger to their refined notions. I turned the topic upon a young fellow I formerly wiſhed to be Nancy's ſuitor, Ned Luteſtring, whoſe father is my old acquaintance, and a mercer in the city. I was given to underſtand, that poor Ned's head not having compleated the *grand tour*, Nanette would never proſtitute her hand and mental qualities to ſo unworthy an object. I could not help ſmiling at this. I found the young fellow had been falſely repreſented to them. —"Why ſiſter," taking up the ſubject, "you certainly do not

not know young Luteſtring! I am perſuaded, if you did, you would like him. He wears as complete a *grand tower* as your daughter. I ſuppoſe the great matter of objection cannot be, *whether he made it or not?*" So ſaying, I deſired my brother Woolhead to let me whiſper a word or two in his ear; on which we retired to the counting-houſe. The door being ſhut, I tapped him on the ſhoulder, ſaying—

"Brother, my journey to London is entirely overturned.—I thought to have taken this girl into the country; but, unhappily for her, you have ſo completely finiſhed her education, that ſhe cannot be underſtood there. Pray, good brother, what fortune can you advance upon her marriage? Remember, you have twice been a bankrupt, and neither of the times were able to pay two ſhillings in the pound."

At this he winked, hemmed, and ſpit; at laſt he found utterance:———

"Brother, to be plain with you, I am behind hand now.—The girl is ſhowy, genteel, and well-bred; and, there is no doubt, will attract the eyes of ſome young citizen of fortune, and make him a good wife."

Here, Mr. Editor, I fell into a fit of ah! ah! ah!-ing.—When recovered, I patted him gently on the back of his head———"Good brother Woolhead———What was ſaid juſt now about puddings, &c.? She does not even know how to put linen together, to cover the back of her huſband, ſelf, or child, ſhould ſhe have any. My money has been thrown away to a fine purpoſe! If you pleaſe, brother, get her education re-finiſhed by ſome able Engliſh matron, ſo that I may at leaſt have the pleaſure of underſtanding her; or, remember, my fortune goes to ſome one elſe." Thus ſaying, I took my leave, giving him until morning for his final anſwer.

I could not help reflecting, Mr. Editor, as I was going home, on the abſurdity of perſons giving their children a foreign education, without having made a reſerve of fortune for them, to make that appearance in the world which their habits

and accompliſhments lead them to expect. I conclude this with being, Mr. Editor, your very humble ſervant, and conſtant reader and admirer of the Lady's Monthly Muſeum.

Nov. 1799. OLD RAZOR.

RULES FOR WRITING AND SPEAKING CORRECTLY.

[IN A LETTER FROM A FATHER TO HIS DAUGHTER.]

My dear,

NOW that you are fourteen years of age, and very capable of comprehending the rules here laid down for improving you in the grammar of your native language, I beg you will peruſe them carefully once or twice a week; and I do no doubt but that in a ſhort time you will get rid of thoſe miſtakes which the habit of converſing with women and illiterate men is apt to produce.

To render myſelf as intelligible as poſſible to a girl who cannot be ſuppoſed to know any thing relating to thoſe firſt principles which are called *parts of ſpeech*, I ſhall make uſe of but very few terms. I ſhall only deſire you to diſtinguiſh between the nominative and accuſative caſes, and alſo betwixt a participle and the paſt tenſe of a verb. I feel that I already ſhock you with theſe uncouth phraſes; but I will ſoon make them familiar to you.

I, Thou, He, We, They, are the nominative caſe:—*Me, Thee, Him, Us, Them*, are the accuſative caſe.——I *rode*, I *choſe*, I *ran*, I *ſpoke*, are the paſt tenſe of a verb:——I have *ridden*, I have *choſen*, I have *ſpoken*, I have *run*, are the participle; ſo that you are only to obſerve that the words *rode, choſe, ſpoke, ran*, are the paſt tenſe; and the words *ridden, choſen, ſpoken, run*, are the participle.

Make yourſelf miſtreſs but of theſe two diſtinctions, and you will not only avoid a thouſand blunders in grammar, which

which the generality of people are perpetually committing, but you will alſo ſeldom ſpeak bad Engliſh, as by far the greater number of errors, both in ſpeaking and writing, proceed from the want of attention to theſe points.

Confuſion of the Nominative and Accuſative Caſes.

US *for* WE.

Example.] Which of you came hither firſt? You anſwer—*us* three, inſtead of *we* three.

Them for *They.*

Example.] Which are the ſoldiers laſt enliſted? You anſwer, *them*, inſtead of *they*; or, perhaps, *them there*, which is worſe: *theſe here*, and *them there*, and *this here*, and *that there*, are inelegancies which ſhould always be avoided.

Him for *He.*

Example.] Who told you ſo? You anſwer *him*, for *he*.

I for *Me.*

Example.] He gave *you* and *I* a ſhilling each, inſtead of *you* and *me*.

Another Example.] That's a ſecret betwixt *you* and *I*, inſtead of *you* and *me*.

Me for *I.*

Example.] Who is there? *Me*, inſtead of *I*.

Her for *She.*

Example.] Which of thoſe ladies ſaid ſo? You anſwer, *her*, inſtead of *ſhe*.

She for *Her.*

Example.] Whom do you ſpeak of? *She*, inſtead of *her*.

Were you a boy who had learnt at a Latin ſchool the rudiments of grammar, I ſhould here tell you, that, in order to diſtinguiſh when to uſe the nominative, and when the accuſative caſe, you ſhould remember that the nominative precedes, and the accuſative follows, the verb. But I am aware you would not comprehend my meaning, and perhaps would be ſo alarm-

ed at the crabbedneſs of the precept, as to lay aſide my letter and think no more of it. Therefore let this ſentence drop as if it had not been written; and let it be your endeavour t acquire the habit of ſpeaking rightly, by reading often, an aloud, the examples here ſet down.

Nevertheleſs, in many of theſe examples, though you d not rightly underſtand the diſtinction of the accuſative an nominative caſes, your ear will inform you which of th words to chuſe, by only putting the queſtion with both word and you will feel, without reaſoning, which is the prope one. For inſtance: Who told you ſo? *Him.* Now a yourſelf,—What, did *him* tell you ſo? The word offend your ear, and you then ſay *he.* Again: Who is there? *M* —What, is *me* there? Again: He gave *you* and *I* a ſhillin —What, did he give *I* a ſhilling? By this kind of trial yo may generally ſet yourſelf right.

Confuſion from the frequent uſe of the paſt tenſe, inſtead of th participle.

I have *rode*. I have *choſe*, I have *ran*, I have *wrote*, I ha *took*, he has *fell;* inſtead of I have *ridden*, I have *choſen*, I ha *run*, I have *written*, I have *taken*, he has *fallen*. Neverthele when you ſpeak French, you are not ſo ungrammatical: y ſay, *J'ai choiſi* (the participle), and not *J'ai choiſiſſois* (the p tenſe); *J'ai couru*, and not *J'ai courois*. *J'ai ecrit*, and n *J'ai ecrivois*. *J'ai pris*, and not *J'ai prinois*, &c.

Theſe are ſome of the principal trangreſſions you are hou committing againſt grammar: but there are alſo a few oth miſtakes very prevalent; I mean the uſe of the ſingular for t plural number, and the miſapplication of one word for an ther. How often have I heard you ſay, We *was*, and Th *was*, inſtead of We *were*, and They *were;* yet you ne commit the ſame error in ſpeaking French: you do not ſa *Nous etois*, 'we *was*,' but *nous etions*, 'we *were*.'

I ſhall not pretend to give you a catalogue of the wo miſunderſtood by the vulgar, as it would be almoſt endl but ſhall mention only ſuch as people of pretty good educat are apt to miſapply.

Emi

Eminent for *imminent:*

Eminent ſignifies *high, exalted; imminent* ſignifies *impending;* and yet how often do we hear of the *eminent* danger!

Scout inſtead of *flout.*

Nobody believes it; all the world *ſcouts* it, inſtead of *flouts* it!

Learn inſtead of *teach.*

You ſhould ſay the maſter *teaches* his ſcholar, and not the maſter *learns* his ſcholar.

Of inſtead of *on.*

What day of the week do you go into the country? You ſhould anſwer, *On* a *Saturday*, and not *Of* a *Saturday.*

On inſtead of *of.*

You often ſay, We have too much *on't*, inſtead of too much *of it.*

Yourn inſtead of *yours.*

Whoſe hat is this? You ſhould ſay *yours*, and not *yourn.*

Prebendary for *Prebend*, and *Prebend* for *Prebendary.*

Remember that *prebendary* is the man, and *prebend* the office.

I think, my dear, I have, in a ſmall compaſs, laid before you ſuch cautions as will not fail to inſtruct, though they are not ſufficient to perfect you, in your mother tongue. Accuſtom yourſelf to the correctneſs propoſed in this ſheet of paper, and though you know nothing of ſubſtantives, adjectives, adverbs, &c., you will live to bluſh for ſome men, who, with all the advantages of a ſchool and univerſity education, will appear to you moſt wretchedly remiſs on this ſubject.

I am, &c.

THE PHILOSOPHER AND THE GARDEN.

A Tranſlation from the Perſian of NISAMI.

AN Indian Philoſopher, who travelled like a ſage (that is, on foot), to ſtudy Nature, chanced one day to en-

ter a garden. He repoſed with delight in this place, which belonged to a magnificent palace, and trode with tranſport the precious tapeſtry with which the ground was adorned. There the tender button of the opening roſe began to expand itſelf, imitating in its numerous folds the brilliant knot of a rich purple ceſtus. There the tulip unfolded, with pride, all the pomp of its colours, ignorant of the ſhort duration of its frail exiſtence. Every where the ground was enamelled with flowers, the concaves of which gliſtening with dew preſented ſo many cups full of precious liquid. The ſweetbriar ſeemed to have turned its thorns againſt itſelf; and, from the trembling of its foliage, one might think the willow feared for its life.—The narciſſus, reclining its head, dropped cryſtal tears; and the tulip, placed beneath the roſe, received in its beauteous chalice the precious rubies which diſtilled from the perfumed boſom of the ſuper-incumbent tree. But, alas! the duration of the one is but an inſtant, and the other is old before the end of the day.

Happy flowers! The period of their exiſtence is determined by the ſetting ſun, and they bloom, without anxiety for the moment that is to ſucceed. The philoſopher, having retired with regret from this delicious place, had occaſion to return a few months after. Alas! how changed! Inſtead of the roſe—inſtead of the nightingale, which lately joined to embelliſh this happy ſpot, the ear was ſtruck with the piercing cries of the kite, and the mournful croaking of the frog.—The ſmiling verdure of the ſhrubbery was changed into grayiſh gloom, and the once charming cluſters of roſes preſented nothing but maſſes of pointed thorns. He caſt a look of regret on the place which had ſo lately enchanted him, and was unable to refrain from tears as he meditated upon the ſhort duration of exiſtence.

"We have only a few inſtants to live!" exclaimed he:—"let us, then, endeavour to take advantage of them all to inſure happineſs; to effect which, there is only one mode,—by conſecrating them to Virtue!"

ON

ON LOTTERIES.

THE Romans invented lotteries to embelliſh their ſaturnalia. This fête commenced with a diſtribution of tickets, by which might be gained a few prizes.

The lotteries of Auguſtus conſiſted of articles of very little value; but Nero eſtabliſhed them on a plan advantageous to the people; conſiſting of a thouſand tickets a day, by which ſeveral, whom Fortune favoured, acquired great wealth.

The lotteries of Heliogabelus were of a very ſingular kind. The lots, or prizes, were either very important, or very inſignificant: for inſtance; there would be a prize of ſix ſlaves, and another of ſix flies. One man might gain a precious vaſe, another a common earthen jar. This lottery, thus compoſed, was a very juſt picture of the inequality with which Fortune diſtributes her favours.

In 1685, Louis XIV. ſurpaſſed, in this reſpect, the Roman Emperors. The magnificent lottery which was drawn at Marli, on the occaſion of the marriage of Mademoiſelle de Nantes with M. le Duc, was filled with all the precious jewellery that wealth could purchaſe, ingenuity invent, or talent execute, in perfection.

FIERVILLE; or, THE CREDULOUS MAN.

FIERVILLE was arrived at that time of life when man, without ceaſing to have deſires, ceaſes to be a prey to the fury of paſſions. He now lived in that happy and tranquil ſtate which, without partaking of inſenſibility, ſeems to be the ſtate preſcribed by ſound reaſon. He amuſed himſelf, in his leiſure hours, by leading his imagination to retrace in his memory thoſe agreeable thoughts of life which youth always takes for happineſs, but which ſcarcely amount to an idea.

This ſimple, ingenuous, but too credulous man, had no conception of perfidiouſneſs; and, without ſeeking for pleaſures

ſures which he could no longer provoke, gave himſelf up, with the utmoſt eagerneſs, to ſuch as offered themſelves — Candid in all his words and actions, he judged all hearts by his own, and could not comprehend how the heart that careſſed could be inclined to injure.

In this happy obſcurity, he indulged in a natural taſte for poetry, without any other pretenſion or object but merely as a ſimple amuſement. He made ſome gallant verſes, in which, however, ſentiment prevailed more than wit. He did not ſeek for praiſe, nor did he dread ſatire; yet he ſhunned, with anxious ſolicitude, every thing which might induce a ſuſpicion of his being a vain pretender to poetical merit. He did not diſſemble his conſciouſneſs that he had no right to aſpire to the favours of the enchanting ſex that conquers all eyes; but who, more deſirous to inhale the perfume of the flowers of ſpring than taſte the fruits of autumn, often rejects the hand that preſents the latter.

However, accuſtomed to the ſweets of ſociety, and perſuaded that the good will of the ladies was eſſential to its full enjoyment, he neglected no opportunity of praiſing their beauties, their talents, their accompliſhments; and preſerved a profound ſilence on their defects.

Fierville, with this character, was far from ſuſpecting that he had new dangers to encounter. Alas! how great his error! —A romance, in which his exalted imagination had pourtrayed all the charms of love, fell into the hands of a young lady endowed with every beauty of perſon, and on whoſe face was imprinted the ſeducing look of perfect candour. She weeps over the romance; ſhe endeavours to diſcover the author; ſhe ſeeks an opportunity to get a ſight of him. The opportunity arrives.

Impelled by a ſentiment of gratitude, ſeduced by an emotion of ſelf-love (againſt which the moſt cautious have found it difficult to guard), and urged by a curioſity to behold the woman who flattered him, Fierville forgets his age, and flies with all the impatience of a young man to the houſe of the ſyren, whoſe enchanting voice invited him. He ſees a lady

in

in all the brilliant attractions of youthful beauty; ſhe receives him with a modeſt and intereſting grace, the charm of which is irreſiſtible. He congratulates himſelf on the happineſs of knowing her, but, fixed in his principles, his views do not extend beyond this limit; nor does he, for ſeveral days, commit the ſlighteſt deviation from the uſual tenor of his life, to enable her to ſuſpect the impreſſion which ſhe has made on his heart.—Uſeleſs precaution!

Aſpaſia (for that was the name of the ſyren) had other plans in view: ſhe wiſhed to add one more to her ſlaves; ſhe felt that reaſon and modeſty were inſufficient arms againſt the ſeducing attacks of pleaſure. Ah! what reſources for conqueſt does not a fine girl of ſpirit and coquetry poſſeſs! Aſpaſia had ſtudied the character of Fierville; ſhe was aware of the blind credulity of the man who does not ſuſpect even the exiſtence of diſſimulation. She attacked it by a mode that muſt inevitably command ſucceſs. The ſofteſt expreſſions of confidence fell from her perfidious lips; ſome warm effuſions of feigned friendſhip were poured forth in ſighs; delicious tears eſcaped from her fine eyes, and trickled down on the hand of the credulous Fierville. She ſpared nothing; every thing contributed to enchain the victim which ſhe was deſirous to immolate. In a little time the cruel Aſpaſia could not entertain a doubt of her triumph. Fierville, on his part, fancied himſelf the more ſecure of being beloved, in proportion as he had the leſs expected it. But quickly the viſion fled——Fierville had enjoyed a ſweet dream!——How horrible to awake from it! Credulous man!—how could you ſo much deceive yourſelf? Thought you that Flora diſplays her treaſures for Saturn? Through the whole courſe of your life have you ſeen the roſe wedded to the thiſtle? You have been ſeduced, it ſeems. Wherefore do you complain? Every woman ſeeks to pleaſe; but the coquette ſeeks to conquer. Did you preſume to hope that the order of things would be inverted for you? Fooliſh Fierville!—inſtead of blaming Aſpaſia, thank her for the uſeful leſſon which her perfidious addreſs has taught you. Remember that eſteem belongs to your time of life,

but

one is the plan of a *ruſtic*, the other of a *refined taſte*. Happily, however, the firſt was not *coarſe*, nor the latter *frivolous*. —To return (for I am digreſſing) to the "ſhades of Hagley."—

From a building that projects over the water we looked through a long viſta, which, though ſufficiently broken to be free from formality, yet afforded a continuous view of three waterfalls, and beyond theſe a temple. Warned by the uncertainty of the weather not to devote too much of our time to one object, we next viſited a very ample artificial ruin. It is a ſquare caſtle with four rounders, one at each corner; of which one is ſo broken as to be uſeleſs, but the others form a dog-kennel and other offices, beſides apartments for the keeper and his family. From the top of the moſt perfect tower we were ſhewn a very delightful view of the ſurrounding country.

I have not room to tell you here of half the attractions of the place; among which I reckon heaths, hedge-rows, and cottages, which formed a vaſt ſemicircle, that, extending to a conſiderable diſtance, mingled its indetermined colours with the gray hills of Wales, whoſe indiſtinct forms faded in the horizon. At this moment, while dazzled by the ſudden burſt of unexpected beauty, theſe lines, which are painted upon a ſeat, caught mine eyes: I leave you to judge of the emotions which ſuch a combination muſt inſpire.

> Theſe are thy glorious works, Parent of Good,
> Almighty!—Thine this univerſal frame
> Thus wond'rous fair——Thyſelf how wond'rous then—
> Unſpeakable!——who ſitt'ſt above the Heav'ns,
> To us inviſible, or dimly ſeen
> In theſe thy loweſt works; yet theſe declare
> Thy goodneſs beyond thought, and pow'r divine!
>
> MILTON.

We are now preparing to continue our journey. I ſhall write ſoon: in the mean time let me hear from you; and believe me your's, very fondly,

JANE MARSTON.

THE

THE THREE THIEVES;

Or, HAMET and BERNARD.

MOST noble cavaliers, my tale neither offers to your view the gallant deeds of chivalry, nor the ſubtle ſchemes of a wife to hide her ſecret intrigues from her huſband, but humbly recounts the dexterous exploits of three Thieves, in the vicinity of Lán; whoſe joint talents had for ſome time put both laity and clergy under contribution.—Two of them were brothers, called Hamet and Bernard. Their father, who had followed the ſame profeſſion, ended his days on the gallows, the common fate of talents ſo employed. The other's name was Travers. One thing was, they never committed murder, but were ſatisfied in picking pockets, and their addreſs in this was almoſt incredible.

One day, when they were all three walking in a wood near Lán, the converſation fell on their own exploits; and Hamet, the elder of the two brothers, ſpying a magpie's neſt, with the bird in it, at the top of a large oak, ſaid to Bernard———

"Brother, if any body was to propoſe to you to take the eggs from under that bird, without diſturbing her, what would you ſay?"

"I ſhould ſay," replied the young one, "he was mad, and required an impoſſibility."

"I would have you to know, friend," rejoined Hamet, "one not able to do that muſt be an awkward hand at picking a pocket. Look at me."—

So ſaying, he immediately climbed up the tree, got to the neſt, and, opening it gently at the bottom, caught the eggs one by one, as they ſlided out, and brought them down, boaſting that not one was broken.

"Faith, it muſt be owned that you are an incomparable fellow," cried Bernard: "and now, if you can put the eggs under the bird again as you took them out, you may fairly call yourſelf our ſuperior."

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Hamet accepted the challenge, and mounted again; but this was only a trick of Bernard's, for when he ſaw him at a certain height, he ſaid to Travers—

"Now you have ſeen what my brother can do, you ſhall have a touch of my art," and inſtantly mounted after Hamet, followed him from branch to branch, and while the other glided along like a ſerpent, with his eyes intently fixed on the neſt, watching the ſlighteſt motion of the bird, that he might not frighten her, the adroit rogue untied his drawers, and returned with them in his hand, as a trophy of his victory. In the meanwhile, Hamet, having replaced the eggs, came down, expecting the praiſes due to ſuch an exploit.

"That's a good one," ſays Bernard, laughing, "to attempt to impoſe upon us! I'll lay a wager he has them hid in his drawers."

The eldeſt, looking down found they were gone, and immediately knew it was a trick of his brother's. "He is a clever thief, indeed," ſaid he, "who can rob another."

As for Travers, he ſo equally admired the two heroes, that he was doubtful which merited the palm. But ſo much addreſs humbled him, and, mortified to think he was not qualified to enter the liſts with them, he ſaid—

"Gentlemen, you know too much for me, for you would eſcape twenty times where I ſhould always be taken. I ſee I am too awkward ever to ſucceed in this occupation, therefore I will renounce it, and take to my own again, live with my wife, and work hard; and I hope, by the bleſſing of God, we ſhall not want."

He really returned to the village, as he ſaid. His wife was very fond of him: he became a very honeſt man, and worked ſo hard, that, in a few months, he was able to buy a pig, and fatten it at home. At Chriſtmas he killed it, and, as is uſual, hung it up by the feet againſt the wall, and went to his work in the fields. It had been lucky for him if he had ſold it, and ſaved all the trouble and anxiety it gave him, as you will ſee.

Juſt

Juſt after he was gone out, the two brothers, who had not ſeen him ſince the day that they parted, came to pay him a viſit. His wife was alone, buſily employed in ſpinning. She told them that her huſband was out, and would not return till the evening. You may very well ſuppoſe that the pig did not eſcape their watchful eyes; and when they left the houſe they ſaid to each other—"So, ſo,—this rogue has a mind to regale himſelf, and not invite us. As that is the caſe, we muſt carry off the pig, and eat it without him." They then laid their plan, and went and hid themſelves in a neighbouring hedge till night.

When Travers returned, in the evening, his wife told him of her ſtrange viſitors. "They were ſuch ill-looking fellows," ſaid ſhe, "that I was frightened, being alone, and durſt not aſk either their names or buſineſs. They pryed about every where; and I don't believe a ſingle nail eſcaped them."

"Alas! theſe are my two rogues," cried Travers, dolefully. "The pig is gone, that's certain:——oh, that I had but ſold it!"

"There's ſtill one way to ſave it," ſaid the wife: "let us take it down from the hook, and hide it ſomewhere for the night. To-morrow, as ſoon as it is light, we will conſider what further to do with it."

Travers followed his wife's advice, took down the bacon, laid it on the floor at the other end of the room, and put the kneading-trough over it. He then went to bed, but not without anxiety. At midnight the brothers came to put their ſcheme in execution. The elder kept watch, while Bernard bored a hole in the wall oppoſite the place where piggy had hung, but he ſoon found out there was nothing left but the ſtring.——"The bird is flown," ſaid he: "we are come too late."

Travers, whom the fear of being robbed kept in continual alarm, and hindered from ſleeping, thinking he heard a noiſe, awakened his wife, and ran to the trough, to ſee if the pig was there. It was; but having, alſo, fears about his barn and

ſtable, he was willing to go all round, and ſet off, armed with a hatchet. Bernard, who heard him go out, took advantage of it directly, in picking the lock of the door; and, going ſoftly up to the bed, ſaid to the wife, counterfeiting the voice of the huſband—

"Mary, the bacon is not on the wall——What have you done with it?"

"What, have your forgot," replied the woman, "that we hid it under the kneading-trough:—has fear turned your brain?"

"No, no," ſaid he; "but I had forgot it. Do you lie ſtill—I'll go and take care of it." Saying thus, he took the pig on his ſhoulders, and carried it off.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

CELEBRATED BRITISH LADIES,

FROM THE 13TH TO THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE 19TH CENTURY.

NO. VII.

QUEEN CATHERINE PARR,

WIFE of Henry VIII., was the daughter of Sir Thomas Parr. She was early educated in polite literature, as was the faſhion of noblewomen at that time in England, and in her riper years was much given to reading and ſtudying the holy ſcriptures. Several learned men were retained as her chaplains, who preached to her every day in her privy-chamber, and often touched on ſuch abuſes as were common in the church. The king approved of this practice, and often permitted her to confer with him on religious ſubjects: ——but when diſeaſe and confinement added to his natural impatience of contradiction, and when in the preſence of Wincheſter and others of that faction ſhe had been urging her

her old topic of perfecting the Reformation, the king broke out into this expreſſion, after ſhe was retired—

"A good hearing it is, when women become ſuch clerks!—and a thing much to my comfort, to come in mine old age to be taught by my wife!"

Wincheſter failed not to improve the opportunity to aggravate the queen's inſolence, to inſinuate the danger of cheriſhing ſuch a ſerpent in his boſom, and to accuſe her of treaſon cloaked with hereſy; and the king was prevailed upon to give a warrant to draw up articles to touch her life. The day and hour was appointed when ſhe was to be ſeized; but the deſign being accidentally diſcovered to her, ſhe waited upon the king, who received her kindly, and purpoſely began a diſcourſe about religion. She anſwered—"That women by their creation at firſt were made ſubject to men; that they, being made after the image of God, as the women were after their image, ought to inſtruct their wives, who were to learn of them; and ſhe much more was to be taught of his majeſty, who was a prince of ſuch excellent learning and wiſdom."

"Not ſo, by St. Mary!" ſaid the king: "you are become a doctor, Kate, able to inſtruct us, and not to be inſtructed by us."

To which ſhe replied—"That it ſeemed he had much miſtaken her freedom in arguing with him, ſince ſhe did it to engage him in diſcourſe to amuſe this painful time of his infirmity, and that ſhe might receive profit by his learned diſcourſe; in which laſt point ſhe had not miſſed of her aim, always referring herſelf in theſe matters, as ſhe ought to do, to his majeſty."

"And is it even ſo, ſweetheart," ſaid the king; "then we are perfect friends again."

The day which had been appointed for carrying her to the Tower being fine, the king took a walk in the garden, and ſent for the queen. As they were together, the lord chancellor, who was ignorant of the reconciliation, came with the guards. The king ſtepped aſide to him, and, after a little diſcourſe, was heard to call him "Knave, ay, arrant knave;

a fool, and beaſt;" and bid him preſently avaunt out of his ſight.

The queen, not knowing on what errand they came, endeavoured with gentle words to qualify the king's anger.—— "Ah! poor ſoul," ſaid the king, "thou little knoweſt how ill he deſerves this at thy hands. On my word, ſweetheart, he hath been toward thee an arrant knave; and ſo let him go."

The king, as a mark of his affection, left her a legacy of 4000l., beſides her jointure. She was afterwards married to Sir Thomas Seymour, lord-admiral of England, and uncle to Edward VI. She lived but a very ſhort time, and unhappily, with this gentleman. She died in childbed; though, as ſome writers obſerve, not without a ſuſpicion of poiſon.

Her majeſty wrote "Queen Catherine Parr's Lamentation of a Sinner, bewailing the ignorance of her blind Life." This was a contrite meditation on the years ſhe had paſſed in popery, in faſts and pilgrimages; and, being found among her papers after her death, was publiſhed, with a preface by the great lord Burleigh, in 1548, 8vo. In her life ſhe publiſhed a volume of pſalms, prayers, and pious diſcourſes, of which this was the title—"Prayers, or Meditations, wherein the Mind is ſtirred patiently to ſuffer all Afflictions here, and to ſet at nought the vain Proſperitie of the Worlde, and always to long for the everlaſting Felicitee, 1545," 12mo. Several letters of this queen's are preſerved in Strype's Annals, in "Haynes's Collection of State Papers," in the "Aſhmolean Collection," and in the library of C. C. C., Cambridge.

FILIAL CRUELTY.

MR. EDITOR,

THOUGH it is univerſally allowed one of the objects of Fiction, to give its narration an appearance of Truth, yet, in the preſent inſtance, the latter will appear to treſpaſs ſo

ſo much upon the prerogative of its opponent, that your readers may doubt the authenticity of my tale.

Diſgraceful as are the circumſtances I am about to relate, and incredible and ſurpriſing as they may appear, they are founded upon an authority that precludes all doubt, and have been atteſted by thoſe whoſe veracity is unqueſtionable.

From delicacy to thoſe who may be connected with the parties, I ſhall avoid mentioning a name which muſt be loaded with infamy, and rendered obnoxious, by diſgrace, for having perpetrated an act at which filial piety muſt ſhudder, and human nature regard with deteſtation.

At an ancient Caſtle, in one of the moſt remote parts of Wales, reſided a gentleman, whom I ſhall call Cadwallader, and whom, after a ſhort though ſevere illneſs, was reported to have fallen a victim to its violence. His ſon, a young man of ſpecious manners, mourned the event with the moſt filial concern; but, after devoting a certain time to grief and lamentation, emerged from retirement into the gaieties of life.

Several years elapſed without any circumſtance ariſing that could create ſuſpicions as to the ſincerity of his grief, when accident introduced him to an old friend of his father's, whom he appeared abſolutely delighted at having found. As the meeting took place at a neighbouring gentleman's houſe, young Cadwallader inſiſted upon their all going to his Caſtle, and, in compliment to the memory of his deceaſed father, he made a ſumptuous entertainment for his old favourite. Mirth and good-humour decked the board, and the gueſts, delighted with the hoſpitality they received, thought not of retiring until the midnight hour.

As the young man wiſhed to pay particular attention to the object on whom his father had placed his regard, he conducted him to the apartment prepared for his reception; and after bewailing the loſs he had formerly ſuſtained, and lamenting the death of a beloved parent, informed the gentleman that the bed he was to ſleep on was that on which his father had expired.

Though

Though the wine had exhilarated the ſtranger's ſpirits, yet the recollection of his deceaſed friend's virtues naturally tended to lower and depreſs them; and as ſoon as he was in bed he imperceptibly fell into a train of thinking upon the ſhortneſs and inſtability of human exiſtence. From this turn of ideas he was ſuddenly rouſed, by perceiving his chamber-door open with precaution, and a tall, thin, emaciated figure enter, whoſe perſon was encompaſſed in a tattered blanket.

Amazement, at firſt, ſuſpended his faculties, and he remained transfixed with terror and amazement. Theſe ſenſations gradually abated, and he calmly examined the ſpectre's features: thoſe of his loſt friend were imprinted on the countenance; but, alas! how altered——how ſadly changed!!—Whilſt gazing upon the form with a mixture of grief and ſurprize, how muſt he have been aſtoniſhed to hear it exclaim, in the tone of feebleneſs and delight——"A fire!—oh, the comfort of a fire!"—and immediately ſpring forward to enjoy the influence of it?

Unable to account for what he ſaw, yet believing it to be the ſpirit of his departed friend, how muſt his apprehenſions have been increaſed, by perceiving it turn its eyes wildly towards the bed, and again exclaim—"A bed, too!—yes, my own bed!—and again will I enjoy its refreſhing comforts!"—Then ſuddenly turning from the fire, it threw itſelf by the ſide of the aſtoniſhed ſtranger, who, ſtretching out his hand to diſcover whether it was a ſhadow or a ſubſtance which had ſo thoroughly alarmed him, found it was the perſon of his long loſt friend!

The readers will here foreſee the concluſion of the narrative—they will behold the father reſtored to thoſe poſſeſſions, of which the depravity of his ſon had deprived him; and picture that ſon to their aſtoniſhed imaginations loaded with infamy and diſgrace! They will likewiſe perceive the hand of Heaven, in bringing that ſon to juſtice through the careleſſneſs and intoxication of his father's keeper, who, in partaking of the conviviality which ſpread throughout the Caſtle, had forgot to ſecure the door of his priſoner's dungeon. C. H.

TO

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

SIR,

IN former times, reſpect and veneration always attended me: my influence was ſometimes deified with the title of inſpiration, and even the moſt moderate of my approvers attributed every performance uncommonly judicious to my influence. I promoted every arduous and worthy undertaking; embelliſhed and improved every ornamental art; and my univerſal application was honoured with the praiſe of the good, the learned, the brave, and the fair. But, now, a diſmal reverſe is my melancholy fate, ſince every thing ruinous and improper is laid to my charge. Does a man ſquander his fortune;—does he do any thing worſe;—is he abſolutely wrong-headed;——— it is all attributed to me! Does a forward girl, in defiance of parents, run to Scotland—or does ſhe commit any extravagance;———ſtill it is me—poor me, on whom the fault is laid, and I am accuſed of being her leader! In ſhort, my injuries are without end: but that which wounds me the deepeſt, is, that my very name is become a term of reproach, employed to depreciate the truly amiable who have unconſciouſly manifeſted the ſmalleſt portion of underſtanding or cleverneſs more than happens to be poſſeſſed by their envious detractors.

Oh! may I yet inſpire ſome powerful pen that may at leaſt reſcue me from this greateſt of all pains,—inflicting puniſhment on the innocent! And, if yet poſſible, may it reſtore me to my early glory, by proving, that no action but the moſt meritorious, no work but the moſt perfect, was ever dictated by,

Sir,
Your much abuſed,
Humble ſervant,
GENIUS.

SCHOOL

SCHOOL of ARTS.

NO. XIII.

A Remedy againſt Ink when juſt ſpilled.

IF the ink be ſpilled on a ruffle, apron, &c., while you have it on, let one hold the affected part between his two hands over a baſon, and rub it while another is gradually pouring water from a decanter; and let an entire pitcher full be uſed, if neceſſary. If the ruffle, apron, &c., be at liberty, and not actually then in wearing, the place dipped into a baſon filled with water, and there ſqueezed and dipped in again, may do, provided you change the water in abundance every two or three ſqueezes.

If the ink be ſpilled on a green carpet table, it may immediately be taken out with a teaſpoon ſo dexterouſly, that any water at all ſhall hardly be wanted afterwards, provided it was only that inſtant ſpilled, as the down of the cloth prevents the immediate ſoaking of the ink, or any other liquor (except oil); but if it has lain ſome time, provided it is ſtill wet, by pouring a little freſh clean water at a time on the place, and gathering it up each time with a ſpoon, and preſſing hard to ſqueeze it out of the cloth into the ſpoon again, you will at laſt bring it to its natural colour, as if no ſuch accident had happened.

To take off ſpots of Wax from any coloured Velvet, except crimſon.

Take the crumb of a ſtale loaf, and cut a thick ſlice out of it, which toaſt, and apply while burning hot on the ſpot of wax: when cooled, renew it, till all the wax is ſoaked out of the velvet.

THEATRICALS.

DRURY LANE.

Nov. 25. MRS. SIDDONS appeared for the firſt time this ſeaſon in her celebrated character of *Iſabella*, and was received with rapturous applauſe.

Dec.

Dec. 11. PIZARRO, with new dreſſes, and ſome other improvements, was revived, and continues ſtill to be frequently performed to crowded houſes.

COVENT GARDEN.

Nov. 30. A new Comedy, altered from Kotzebue's "*Writing Deſk*" by Mrs. Inchbald, and called "THE WISE MAN OF THE EAST," was performed for the firſt time.—The fable is nearly as follows:

Old Clarenceforth, an eminent merchant, convinced of the dangers reſulting from the diſſipation and imprudent conduct of his ſon, having eſcaped through a private paſſage from a fire by which his houſe was conſumed, takes the opportunity of feigning himſelf to be dead, in order to watch and correct the follies and vices of his ſon, and for that purpoſe aſſumes the dreſs of an Indian Sage, and appears in public under the name of *Ava Thoanoa*. *Young Clarenceforth*, in the mean time, is rapidly advancing to his ruin: he is the dupe of *Lady Mary Diamond*, a gaming woman of faſhion; trifles with the character of *Ruth Starch*, a quaker (who is in love with *Enſign Metland)*; and attempts to ſeduce *Ellen Metland*, the daughter of his father's intimate friend. The diſtreſſes of the *Metland* family, whoſe property, conſiſting of Bank notes, is thought to have been deſtroyed by the fire in *Clarenceforth*'s houſe, heighten in a conſiderable degree the intereſt of the plot; and the peculiarities of the *Starches* enliven the gloom produced by the ſtrong delineation of domeſtic calamity. The *Wiſe Man of the Eaſt* ſucceeds in his plans, reſcues *Ellen Metland* from drowning, diſcovers himſelf to his repentant ſon, contributes to the happineſs of his friends, and reſumes his real ſituation in ſociety with perfect ſatisfaction. —*Young Clarenceforth* and *Enſign Metland* are united to *Ellen* and *Ruth*; and *Lady Mary Diamond*, whoſe ſtratagems at play are expoſed, is diſmiſſed with diſgrace.

There were a few remarks, and one or two ſituations, in this play, that were diſapproved the firſt night; but theſe having been altered, or removed, before the ſecond performance, the play has ſince been received with great applauſe.

MISS

Miss Murray made her firſt appearance, as an eſtabliſhed performer, in this piece. She played with ſuch genuine pathos; her deportment was ſo eaſy and natural; and her articulation ſo correct and diſtinct, that we ſhall not be ſurpriſed to ſee her in a ſhort time take the lead in the female corps of this theatre.

Dec. 9. A Mr. Macartney, from the Dublin Theatre, made his firſt appearance here in the character of *Romeo;* but with a mediocrity of talent, that induced a very candid audience to diſmiſs him with very moderate applauſe.

CABINET OF FASHION,

WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

MORNING DRESS.

1ſt Figure. Velvet bonnet, with double bandeau of velvet a little darker than the bonnet; black velvet cloak with broad lace. Plain dreſs of coloured cambrick muſlin, made the ſame as laſt month.

2d Figure. Scotch bonnet of coloured velvet, with a plume of yellow feathers. Peliſſe of Cyprus, or Iriſh poplin, trimmed round with white ermine, and full trimming of black lace at the bottom.

Handkerchiefs of black velvet with ſcarlet borders, and alſo ſcarlet kerſeymere trimmed with broad black lace or fur, are much worn.

AFTERNOON DRESS.

1ſt Figure. Jacket and petticoat of white muſlin, trimmed with coquelicot ribbon round the arms and waiſt, and broad lace round the neck. Hair in ſmall ringlets, with gold chain bandeau, and plume of feathers.

2d Figure. Chambray muſlin robe, with vandyke epaulets trimmed with lace; cord and taſſels of white ſilk round the waiſt. Scarlet velvet cap, ornamented with rows of pearls and drooping oſtrich feather.

REVIEW

Afternoon Dress for Jan.y 1800.

BRITISH MUSEUM
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REVIEW OF FEMALE LITERATURE.

Vol. III. *A Voyage to India, &c. concluded from p.* 484.

OF this publication we have ſpoken favourably in our preceding number. The more we peruſe it, the more reaſon we have to be ſatisfied with its contents. It is certainly one of the moſt uſeful charts to the hiſtory of India we have yet ſeen. There is no book, at leaſt, in the language, Major Rennel's Geography only excepted, which deſcribes the localities, both on the coaſt and in the interior of the country, with ſo much accuracy. The local knowledge which it exhibits, and the information concerning places, diſtricts, and towns it affords, is therefore the more valuable, that it is at once minute and correct. And by pointing out the limits, and ſpecifying the objects, of ancient geography, the learned author furniſhes a ſort of key to many paſſages in the venerable records both of Greece and Rome, which but for ſuch illuſtration might have been long envelloped in obſcurity.—We have not room to give adequate extracts; but the following introduction to his account of the Malabar coaſt may give ſome idea of our author's competency to produce the very uſeful journal now before us.

"In deſcribing Malabar, I can ſpeak from experience, and without truſting to the information of others; as, in the courſe of my travels, I had an opportunity of being better ac-

quainted with that country than with my own. The buſineſs of my miſſion, temporal as well as ſpiritual concerns; viſits of ſtate, which, on account of the affairs of Chriſtianity, I was obliged to pay to kings and their miniſters; the viſitation of churches; continual intercourſe with pagans and chriſtians; journeys into the interior diſtricts; the ſettling of diſputes which it was my duty to terminate; epiſtolatory correſpondence with the inhabitants; and many unlucky accidents which occurred to me, have all contributed to enable me to give an accurate, clear, and full account of this part of India.

"The climate of Malabar is healthful, warm, and ſomewhat moiſt, except during the hot months of April and May, a little before the commencement of the rainy ſeaſon, which begins on the 15th of June, and ends about the 20th of Auguſt. In the two former months the atmoſphere is ſo much rarified by the violent heat, that the inhabitants would be in danger of periſhing, were there not ſuch a number of rivers in the country; and if, at the periods when the heat has attained to its higheſt degree, a freſh breeze did not blow from the ocean, by which the air is purified and cooled: a daily proof that Providence has diſpenſed to all countries, and all nations of the earth, a certain meaſure of inconveniencies and enjoyments.

"Malabar is inhabited not only by pagan Indians, who are aborigines there; but alſo by mahometans, chriſtians, and jews. The mahometans and jews both came from other countries; but the chriſtians are in part the original inhabitants of India.

"The different tribes of people ſtill exiſting in India are:

"I. The *original pagan Indians*. They live in a ſtate of oppreſſion from foreigners, and from the greater part of the inhabitants.

"II. The *mahometan Arabs*. Theſe came to India under the caliph *Valid*, in the ninetieth year of the Hegira, or the year 710 of the chriſtian æra: their deſcendants are called *Aſguans*, or *Aghuans*; in the Indian language *Patans*. They are a brave, warlike people, and once made themſelves maſters of the city of Delhi.

"III. The

"III. The *Mappulians*. These are the descendants of Arabian merchants, who, in the eighth century, established themselves on the coasts of Malabar and Coromandel, and married native Indians.

"IV. The *Tatars*, or *Tartars*, who came to this country, in 1398, with the conqueror Timur Bec. From these are descended the Mogul emperors; and, in general, all the Moguls who have existed, to the present time, in India.

"V. The *Christians*. These are partly the descendants of those original inhabitants of the land, who were converted to the christian faith by the apostle Thomas; and partly other christians, who went from Mesopotamia and Chaldea to India, and with whom the whole coast of Malabar is at present filled.

"VI. The *Ghaurs*, *Gebers*, or worshippers of Fire; who, being expelled from Persia, emigrated to India about the year 630 of the christian æra, and settled at Surat, Tatta, Bombay, and other parts of Malabar.

"VII. The *Seiks*. These worship the only true God, and acknowledge as their chief, a patriarch of their own nation, who has made himself master of the city of Lahur, or Laor.

"VIII. The *Jews*. These people came to India from Persia, after they had been freed from their servitude by Cyrus, about 540 years before the birth of Christ: so, at least, we are told by a tradition of the jews who reside at Cochin, on the coast of Malabar. It is, however, more probable that they belong to the remainder of those jewish people who continued in Persia, who were consequently separated from the rest of the tribes; and who, after the downfal of the Persian empire, about 500 years before Christ, fled to India.

"IX. The *Portugueze*. They went to India in the year 1498, under the reign of the Mogul emperor Akbar, and are still in possession of Goa, and some small places belonging to it.

"X. The *Dutch*. In 1603 they established themselves in the island of Ceylon; and about the year 1658 began gradually to make themselves masters of the Portugueze settlements.

"XI. The *Engliſh*. They were at firſt merchants, but became warriors, and ſubdued the kingdom of Bengal.

"Idolatry is the oldeſt and moſt prevailing religion in India; but toleration is granted to the jews, chriſtians, and mahometans, who are all allowed to perform public worſhip without being in the leaſt interrupted, provided they do not interfere with the eſtabliſhed religion of the government of the country; the former of which is paganiſm, and the latter unlimited monarchy. The chriſtians of St. Thomas, who are conſidered as noble, make a part of the ſtates; attain to public offices and dignified rank; and form among themſelves a kind of chriſtian republic."

The Works of Sir William Jones, in Six Volumes. Evans, Pall Mall.

THE publiſhers, naturally enough, avail themſelves of this illuſtrious name to obtrude on the world a moſt ſuperb edition of the various productions it ſanctions. Splendid, however, as the book is, it is not perfect, as one of our author's moſt elegant performances in the French tongue, which he wrote as fluently and correctly as his own, is not here. This material defect is of ſuch importance, as may henceforth diſpoſe Editors of poſthumous works to be ſomewhat on their guard againſt ſimilar omiſſions. And whoever ſuperintends a future edition of this, would do well to enrich it with the article now miſſing. The contents of the volumes before us, which are very maſſy, are extremely multifarious; but many of the beſt and moſt intereſting of theſe have been anticipated in the *Aſiatic Reſearches**, as originally compoſed for the Society inſtituted in Bengal by our Author, for enquiring into the hiſtory and antiquities, the arts, ſciences, and literature of Aſia. Some of the moſt valuable articles of this extraordinary man are happily to be found in theſe *Reſearches* more

* Publiſhed by Vernor and Hood, Poultry.

eaſily

eaſily than in *His Works*, which are much too expenſive and bulky for ordinary readers. Nor is it, in our opinion, either reſpectful to literature, or beneficial to ſcience, that an Author of ſuch various excellence, ſuch eſtabliſhed celebrity, ſo luminous, inſtructive, and intereſting, as Sir William Jones, ſhould be thus conſigned to the libraries of the rich and magnificent, while thoſe who cannot afford it are precluded, in this capricious manner, from any ſhare in the pleaſure and advantage his labours are ſo well calculated to beſtow.

The ſhorteſt analyſis we could give of theſe volumes would fill our Miſcellany. They every where exhibit Science in the moſt captivating forms, and in all thoſe charming aſpects, in which ſhe raviſhed the maſterly conception of our Author. His mind was in the ſteady habit of reliſhing all her intrinſic and relative beauty, of embracing her in every ſhape under which ſhe ſolicited attention, and of following her into every receſs of nature and art. And he was not more ardent in the purſuit than communicative in what he acquired. And of all writers, ancient and modern, he excelled in the happy and uſeful talent of expreſſing his ideas with elegance, preciſion, and perſpicuity.

His tranſlations glowed with the ſame original caſt of order and diction which diſtinguiſhed his original compoſition.—Many of theſe are here preſented to the reader, and convey much important information concerning the uſages, hiſtory, and habits, of oriental ſociety. Such, eſpecially, as are extracted from the Hindoo Poets are impregnated with a vein of the richeſt ſentiment, and every where ſparkle with the divineſt morality. We ſpecify this obſervation by obliging our readers with only one ſhort paſſage from a great variety, all equally ſplendid and intereſting. In what are called the *Amiable Inſtruction*, by *Viſhnuſarman*, a ſpecies of fable extremely beautiful and affecting, we have theſe impreſſive ſentences.—

" Lions, elephants, and brave men, leave their country and proſper; while ravens, cowards, and deer, remain in their's and periſh.

"Thus, too, it is ſaid—What is the buſineſs of a valiant and wiſe man? What other country can he know, but that which he hath ſubdued by the ſtrength of his arm?

"In the foreſt, of which a lion, armed with teeth, claws, and a tremendous tail, becomes poſſeſſor, even there he quenches his thirſt with the blood of the princely elephant, whom he has ſlain.

"Frogs repair to a ſmall pond, fiſh to a full lake; but all the wealth of others comes to a man who exerts himſelf.

"I continually am enjoying preſent pleaſure, or feeling preſent pain: thus pains and pleaſures revolve like a wheel!

"The Goddeſs of Proſperity haſtens, voluntarily, to inhabit the manſion of that brave man, who lives contented, diſpatches his buſineſs, knows the difference of actions, is able to bear misfortunes, and is firm in friendſhip!

"A hero, even without riches, attains an increaſe of honour; but a baſe man, with all his collected wealth, treads the path of infamy.

"How can a dog, by running away with a necklace of gold, obtain the noble ſpirit of a lion, whoſe nature leads to the acquiſition of eminent virtues.

"What means thy pride, oh, wealthy man? When thy wealth is gone, thou art miſerable: and the riches of men are toſſed about, like a ball, from hand to hand.

"The ſhadow of ſummer clouds, the friendſhip of wicked men, green corn, and women, youth and wealth, all theſe are enjoyed but a ſhort time!

"Strive not eagerly to attain proviſions; they are provided by God: when the new-born animal falls from the mother, her nipples drop milk for his ſupport.

"Yet more, my friend——He, by whom white flamans, green parrots, and richly-coloured peacocks were made, will ſurely find proviſion for thee!

"Hear, alſo, my beloved, the wonderful property of riches:—they who are acquiring them endure pain, and when they have acquired them, are harraſſed with perils; whence, then, can proceed the delights of wealth?

"Still

"Still farther:——Even with the love of virtue, the purſuit of wealth is excelled by poverty. It is better to ſtand at a diſtance from mud, than to be defiled by bathing in it:—therefore, as food is acquired by fowls in the air, and beaſts of prey on earth, and by fiſh in the water, ſo may a man be in all places rich.

"As death is apprehended by all animals, ſo the apprehenſions of the rich from kings, from water, from fire, from robbers, from relations, never ceaſe!

"In many births is pain; and what pain may not enſue?—When will there be no deſire of wealth?—A deſire which is inſatiable.

"Again, oh, my brother, hear:——Riches are not eaſily acquired; and when acquired, are with extreme care preſerved: when death comes they are gone; be not, therefore, anxious for wealth.

"If thirſt of riches be abandoned, who is poor? But if it continue, and a river of gold be given to ſatisfy it, yet mean habits of ſervility will remain with it.

"From the attainment of every deſired object, the deſire is ſatisfied: if converſely the deſire be ſatisfied, a man, rich in himſelf, has obtained his object.

"Still farther:—What uſe is there in wealth to him who neither gives nor enjoys it? What is ſtrength to him who ſubdues not his own foes? What ſignifies a knowledge of the Scripture to him who fails to practiſe virtue? What is the ſoul itſelf to him who keeps not his own body in ſubjection?

"Why ſhould many words be uſed? Let the preſent time be ſpent in confidential diſcourſe.

"As it is written—Friendſhips, even after death; reſentments, before it, appeaſed; and a boundleſs liberality. Theſe are not the qualities of little ſouls!"

Parodies on Gay. To which is added, "*The Battle of the Buſts,*" *a Fable; attempted in the ſtyle of Hudibras.* 1s. *Dutton, Birchin Lane.*

THESE Parodies appear to us ſomewhat like an attempt to reduce the common-place of vulgar converſation to mere

mere recitative, or the chaunt of a cathedral. Nor do we perceive aught of Hudibras in the Fable, which profeſſes to be a direct imitation of that inimitable humouriſt. It is not in the mere fabric of his verſification, but in his arch ſpirit, his inexhauſtible wit, his ſarcaſtic drollery, and his happily ſeizing the perfectly *ridiculous* in all the multifarious anomalies of life, that any degree of his manner can be hit or preſerved.—We give the author credit, however, for the facility of his rhymes, the purity of his morals, and the brevity of his labours. And he will readily excuſe our wiſhing him to condenſe his thoughts, and compreſs his diction; as he muſt know, as moſt of our readers are alſo aware, that fillineſs is not ſimplicity; flippancy, elegance; or a mere jingle of ulterior lines, true poetry.

Travels in Upper and Lower Egypt; undertaken by the Order of the old Government of France. By C. S. Sonnini, Member of ſeveral ſcientific and literary Societies; and formerly an Officer and Engineer in the French Service. Illuſtrated by Engravings, conſiſting of Portraits, Views, Plans, Antiquities, Plants, Animals, &c., drawn on the ſpot, under the Author's Inſpection. To which is added, a Map of the Country. Tranſlated from the French Quarto. 2l. 12s. 6d. in Boards. Debrett, Piccadilly.

THIS maſterly tranſlation of a moſt valuable original work comes before us under peculiar circumſtances. It was regularly announced, we are told, many months ago, in accordance with the eſtabliſhed cuſtom of the trade, in all the newſpapers. Another verſion was, however, contrary to all order and precedent, undertaken without any ſuch ceremony. This, which, it ſeems, bears ſtrong marks of precipitancy, was done under the roſe, and brought haſtily forward, to anticipate the expectancy which the advertiſement of the former obviouſly excited. On ſuch a tranſaction we hazard no remark. It is ſanctioned by a name not without admirers as well

well in the literary as the religious world, and which but lately acquired additional celebrity by an Engliſh edition of *Saint Pierre's Studies of Nature.* Many items of inaccuracy which attach to this Writer, whatever his ſhare may have been in the verſion thus ſlyly obtruded on the public, are ſtated in ſuch a vein of keen irony, as may have a better effect than a much more ſerious accuſation. Theſe are collected and appended in what the tranſlator of this volume calls *Hilaria Hunteriana*, and diſcovers not only a fund of original humour, but a competent knowledge both of the French and Engliſh idiom. It is not, however, for the purpoſe of ſtating a mere juggle in trade that we would draw the attention of our Fair readers to theſe Travels, but to recommend the peruſal of the beſt account of Egypt, eſpecially in its modern ſtate, that has yet fallen into our hands. The Author is a ſoldier as well as a man of ſcience, and he writes not ſo much to ſhine and produce admiration, as to give an accurate picture of the countries he actually viſited, and to tell his readers what came more immediately under the cognizance of his own ſenſes.

When the ancient celebrity of Egypt is conſidered, and the moſt popular and uſeful arts and ſciences which have hitherto diſtinguiſhed the high degree of civilization in all the nations and ages of the world, are traced to this great primary repoſitory of literature and philoſophy, an intelligent account of its preſent condition, the dilapidations of time which it exhibits, and the manifold ruins of every elegant and ſublime invention which lie buried in its boſom, muſt be deemed one of the moſt important acceſſions to ſcience that has yet been made, even in this enlightened century.

The Work is full of originality and ſimplicity, and every where abounds with the livelieſt delineations of Nature, as well as tales and anecdotes as charming as they are new.—— The two following examples of diſintereſted magnanimity does honour to our ſpecies.

"FIDELITY OF A MAMALUK.

"Mehemet Bey, having conquered his father-in-law and benefactor, put to death all thoſe who followed the fortunes of

of Ali. In the atrocious exercise of his distrustful cruelty, he condemned to the loss of his hand and tongue, a bey, whose only crime was a refusal to participate in this signal treason, and a stedfast adherence to that patron to whom he was indebted for his dignity and opulence. The unfortunate bey, driven to despair by his miserable condition, imparted to one of his mamalûks (who had the generosity not to desert him) his insupportable condition, and his extreme desire to get rid of his existence. He concluded by entreating his follower to precipitate him into the Nile, on which they were then sailing to the destined place of his exile.——

"Yes, my dear master," said the mamalûk, "I feel the full extent of your misfortune. I well know, that, in this extreme of wretchedness, life must be a burden that you cannot long support. Yes, you shall die;——but you shall not die alone!"

He then embraced his patron, seized hold of him, clasped him tightly, and leaped with him into the river, where they were both drowned in each other's arms.

"HAREMS OF THE MAMALUKS.

"But no where was the practice of the most generous virtues held in higher estimation than in these. Examples of magnanimity, and of the most devoted attachment, were daily displayed in these communities of women, who were likewise born out of Egypt, yet in whose minds Nature had not implanted the faintest shadow of that harsh and austere disposition which characterises the men of the same countries; on the contrary, she had adorned them with the most ardent, and, at the same time, the most tender affections, forming a delightful and harmonious accompaniment to the charms of beauty. These lovely captives, overwhelmed with disgust, and constantly harrassed by injustice and outrage, at once forgot all their injuries, when their husbands or protectors were involved in adversity. They not only remitted them, in their flight or exile, all the money they possessed, but cheerfully parted

parted with every ornamental article of their dreſs, in order to afford them all the aſſiſtance in their power.

"Women ſo diſtinguiſhed for their generoſity towards a race of men incapable of making any adequate return for ſuch elevated ſentiments, or of forming a happy union with their tender natures, were reſpected amidſt the viciſſitudes of perpetual inteſtine war. The aſylum containing ſo many charms, as well as too many ungratified paſſions, was ever held ſacred, and a violation of it would have been conſidered a moſt flagitious crime. They were not doomed to participate in the diſgrace of thoſe to whom they were bound by the ties of Nature, of marriage, or of property, but remained unmoleſted in their ſolitary habitations, which were never attempted to be profaned by the infuriate exertions of animoſity and revenge."

Emilia and Alphonſo. A Novel. By the Authoreſs of "Adela de Senange." Tranſlated from the French. In 2 Volumes. 6s. Dutton, Birchin Lane.

WE have but rarely ſeen a Novel, much as we have been accuſtomed, for the benefit of our Fair readers, to contemplate the proſtitution of genius in this ſpecies of compoſition, more deſerving their attention, or which we could have greater ſatisfaction in recommending to their peruſal.

All young women who have received a virtuous education, whoſe hearts are filled with ſentiments of purity and honour, and who to the loveliеſt innocence join ſuperior accompliſhments and exquiſite beauty, will find theſe pages fraught with leſſons of the ſoundeſt wiſdom; and may learn from the experience of Emilia, the heroine of the tale, how to enter moſt ſecurely on the ſtage of life, and by what means to acquit themſelves, more eſpecially in making their *debût*, with propriety, and in perfect accordance with the approbation of others, and that of their own heart.

Here are no very romantic incidents, no intricate plot, no ſcenes ſurcharged by improbability, no over-wrought characters;

ters; but the ſtory is ſimple and direct, and carried on, notwithſtanding, with equal good ſenſe, ſhrewdneſs of remark, delicacy of deſcription, ſenſibility and intereſt. The infinite nothings, and inceſſant goſſip, which conſtitute all the intercourſe and ſociety of the faſhionable world, are throughout diſplayed with inimitable facility and humour.

Such as are faſcinated with what is called the knowledge of the world, have in theſe volumes all the myſteries of that faſtidious ſchool in all its idle, unmeaning, and equivocal jargon, fully expoſed. We are at the ſame time very ſorry to obſerve, that in this, as in all fictitious ſtories of ſimilar conſtruction, it is always the Good who have ill luck, Virtue that is perſecuted, Innocence that ſuffers, the greateſt Worth that is wrecked by the ſevereſt misfortune! Unhappy Authors of ſuch monſtrous cataſtrophes! Theſe are not imitations of aught within the cognizance of human ſenſibility, but the hideous ſpectres of your own diſeaſed imaginations! And never, till all the horrors of war, and the innumerable ruthleſs miſeries inflicted on man by man, be found not in the depravity of her creatures, but the order of Nature, ſhall we be ſatisfied that your dictates are her's, that you have been taught at her ſchool, or that you write by her inſpiration or command.

The Happy Family at Eaſon Houſe; exhibited in the amiable Conduct of the little Nelſons and their Parents. Interſperſed with ſelect Pieces of Poetry. 12mo. *Hurſt.*

A PRETTY addition to the many entertaining and inſtructive little Volumes that generally furniſh the libraries of little Maſters and Miſſes. The Poetic Pieces have been culled with much taſte and judgment.

The

The Apollonian Wreath.

MORNING.

——— Now light began to dawn
In Eden on the humid flow'rs, that breath'd
Their morning incenſe; when all things that breathe,
From th' earth's high altar ſend up ſilent praiſe
To the Creator, and his noſtrils fill
With grateful ſmell.

THRO' her dappled, cloudy ſhade,
Peeping with her velvet eye,
Chaſte Aurora wakes the Morn,
Scatt'ring roſes thro' the ſky.

In a gold-embroider'd robe
Morn reſumes her orient pride;
Haſtes to meet the bridegroom Sun,
Bluſhing like a virgin bride.

Now ſhe treads the azure ſky,
Waves aloft her purple wand;
Health ſits ſmiling on her brow,
Pouring plenty o'er the land.

Thro' his gorgeous palace gates,
Seated in a ſapphire wain,
Sol, great Sultan of the Eaſt,
Comes, with Triumph in his train:

Tinging deep the gloſſy main
Bright with his effulgent ray:
Now the Monarch of the Stream
Darts upon his deſtin'd prey.

Arching neck of ſnowy white,
Swelling in her plumy pride,
See the ſilver-creſted Swan
Swift the wat'ry ſurface glide.

Paddling in the puddled pool,
Calling round her callow brood,
See the gaudy-chequer'd Duck
Early ſeeks her ſlimy food.

Cackling o'er the blooming wild,
Gabbling geeſe together ſtray;
Fowls in friendly concert feed,
Driving dove-cot foes away.

Freely ranging, harmleſs bees
Wander gay the jaſ'mine grove;
Ramble aromatic woods,
Or thro' fragrant vallies rove.

Man!——the Morn of Life is ſhort;
Waſte not, then, its fleeting hours:
'Wake!—at Virtue's early call——
Rouſe up all thy ſleeping pow'rs!

With the early dawn ariſe,
Meet the Sun of heav'nly Love;
Whilſt he ſheds his genial warmth,
Oh, ſecure the joys above!

J. H.

FOR

FOR JANUARY 1800.

WINTER. A PASTORAL.

BY G. W. L.

Homines ad Deos nullâ re propiùs accedunt.
Quàm ſalutem hominibus dando.— TULL.

BLEAK blows the wind, and from the ſurly North
The fleecy flakes in drifted ſhow'rs deſcend:
From his warm cot the ſhepherd ventures forth,
And braves the ſtorm, his bleating charge to tend.

Wide o'er the joyleſs plain, on drooping wing,
The feather'd tribe, enfeebled, urge their flight
With trem'lous cry; nor longer, gladſome, ſing
The ſprightly warbling note of gay delight.

By Hunger preſs'd, and Winter's piercing cold,
Now to the garden hies the fearful hare;
For Want will render e'en the timid bold,
And rouſe the torpid ſenſes of Deſpair.

The ſocial robin, with diſhevell'd plume,
E'en at the window pours his plaintive ſtrain
On flutt'ring wing; and, reckleſs of the gloom,
Inſtinctively implores the humble grain.

Come, little roſy-breaſted fav'rite, come!
To thee my bounty ever ſhall expand:
Here, in my cottage, find a welcome home,
And freely ſhare the pittance of my hand.

Thick falls the ſnow, and ruthleſs howls the blaſt;
No ſtar, auſpicious, greets the trav'ller's ſight;
But plunging on, deſpondent and aghaſt,
He droops—he falls—he ſinks in endleſs night!

Happy the man, beſide his cheerful fire,
Whom books delight, and literature refin'd;
Who Wiſdom can from ev'ry page acquire,
And treaſure up her precepts in his mind.

And happy he, who with ſome partner dear
Holds converſe ſweet, nor dreads the wintry gale;
Or to a prattling offſpring's liſt'ning ear
Repeats the jocund legendary tale.

But think, ye Sons of Affluence!——oh! think,
While thus the gods your ev'ry wiſh ſupply,
How many on the bed of Anguiſh ſhrink,
And taſte the bitter draught of Miſery!

Go,——brave the rigour of th' inclement year——
The cheerleſs hut of Poverty explore!
Go,——chaſe the widow's and the orphan's tear,
And to their wants unfold your ample ſtore:

So ſhall Omnipotence the deed reward,
And with proſperity your riches bleſs;
For he alone is worthy Heav'n's regard
Whoſe ſoft'ring hand relieves the children of Diſtreſs!

THE SHEPHERD'S PLAINT.

GLIDE ſoft, ye ſilver floods,
And ev'ry ſpring:
Within the ſhady woods
Let no bird ſing;
Nor from the grove a turtle-dove
Be ſeen to couple with her love:
But ſilence on each dale and mountain dwell,
While Willy bids his Friend, and Joy, farewel!

But of great Thetis' train,
Ye mermaids fair,
That on the ſhores do plait
Your ſea-green hair;
As ye in trammels knit your locks
Weep ye; and ſo enforce the rocks
In heavy murmurs thro' the broad ſhores tell
How Willy bade his Friend, and Joy, farewel!

Ceaſe, ceaſe, ye murm'ring winds
To move a wave:
But if with troubled minds
You ſeek his grave;

Know,

Know, 'tis as various as yourſelves,
Now in the deep, then on the ſhelves:
His coffin toſs'd by fiſh and ſurges fell,
While Willy bids his Friend, and Joy, farewel!

Had he, Arion-like,
Been judg'd to drown,
He on his lute could ſtrike
So rare a ſoun',
A thouſand dolphins would have come,
And jointly ſtrove to bring him home;
But he on ſhip-board died; by ſickneſs fell;
Since when, his Willy bade all Joy farewel!

Great Neptune, hear a ſwain;——
His coffin take,
And with a golden chain,
For pity, make
It faſt unto a rock near land;
Where, ev'ry calmy morn, I'll ſtand,
And ere one ſheep out of my fold I tell,
Sad Willy's pipe ſhall bid his Friend farewel!

THE HORSE THAT TRAVELLED.

A FABLE.

BY MR. KENDAL.

A HORSE, to travel much inclin'd
(A horſe of obſervation),
Went out, 'tis ſaid, t' enlarge his mind,
From the frozen Lapland nation.

Thro' France, thro' England, and thro' Spain,
He gallopp'd, canter'd, trotted;
And nothing he beheld in vain;
Each object well he noted.

He ſaw, no doubt, Newmarket races,
Veterinary College;
And viſited all ſorts of places
Fit for a horſe's knowledge.

But what he thought of running, betting,
Or economy i'th' ſtable,
(Tho' information worth the getting),
Belongs not to the fable.

Enough for us, that, leaving Spain,
To Africa he ventur'd;
And, reaching bleſt Arabia's plain,
King Lion's cave he enter'd.

There, to the Monarch introduc'd
By the proper beaſt in waiting,
Letters of credence he produc'd,
His name and bus'neſs ſtating.

"Sir," ſaid the full-man'd Prince, "I praiſe
"Your lib'ral taſte for travel:
"On wonders ev'ry day you gaze,
"And myſteries unravel.

"You children of the rigid North
"Are made for noble labour;
"To us 'tis giv'n to feaſt in ſloth,
"And boaſt the Sun our neighbour.

"But, truſt me, Sir, tho' an idler I,
"I'm fond of active ſtory:
"Pray, tell me your's——Nay, don't deny:——
"To travel, Sir, is glory!"

Thus ſpake the King: th' obedient Horſe,
Complacent, paw'd and ſnorted;
Then fell, full length, into diſcourſe,
And marv'llous things reported.

"Of Lapland, firſt, Sire, whence I came,
"I'll make remarks, and briefly:
"Not to proclaim our wizards fame,
"But talk of Nature chiefly.

"A country, Sire, of greater worth
"What naturaliſt can mention?
"A people of more hardy birth,
"And fam'd for grand invention?"

Thus

(Thus Horſe: for dear our native home,
Tho' ne'er ſo rude and dreary:
We know its charms; and if we roam,
All foreign ſcenes ſoon weary.)

"There's drumming, Sire, and ſmok'd retreats,
"And many a petty notion:
"They conjure, Sire, and make receipts
"To rule the ſtormy Ocean.

"But, chief, the place itſelf I'd ſhew,
"In which both hill and vale is
"Iris glitt'ring with a half year's ſnow,
"And *Aurora Borealis*.

"Thrice-favour'd land! In Winter's night
"The Moon is always ſhining;
"And then, to crown the ſcene ſo bright,
"There's ſinging, drinking, dining!

"The Sun returns——he fills the vales
"With vegetable treaſure;
"The air with birds, the ſea with *whales*,
"The days with wealth and pleaſure!

"But, Sire," he cries, "a uſeful way
"In travellers' narrations,
"Is, by compariſon to ſay
"What marks the various nations.

"Thus, Sire, with you, as I perceive,
"The men are tall and tawny;
"While thoſe in Lapland, give me leave,
"To a man, are white and brawny.

"Then, Sire, our rivers to pourtray,——
"With ice ſo firm and clever;
"Whereon we prance the live-long day——
"Oh, Lapland dear for ever!"

"How!——prance on rivers?" quoth the King:
"Or let me hear you better."——
"Indeed, my Liege, a common thing——
"True, to the very letter."——

"Hold,"

"Hold," cry'd the Sov'reign-beaſt——"ſtop there;
"Nor dare inſult our preſence.—
"You trav'llers love to make folk ſtare!"
Horſe ſtopp'd, and made obeiſance.

King, courtiers, vow to hear no more;
Poor Horſe to flight betakes him!
Behind, he hears th' incred'lous roar,
And mighty tremor ſhakes him.

Forth from the iceleſs clime he flies,
As faſt as fly he 's able:
This leſſon gain'd (no worthleſs prize)—
Plain Truth may look like Fable!

ON LORENZO'S MARRIAGE

WITH A BEAUTIFUL AND ACCOMPLISHED AMERICAN.

WITH old and modern love Lorenzo's mind
Was richly ſtor'd——in ſentiment refin'd.
Oft would he wander by Ilyſſus' ſtream,
Or ſeek bright Truth in ſhades of Academe.
Around his brow each Muſe her chaplet wove,
And tun'd his lyre to Duty*, Friendſhip, Love.
To Death 's lone haunts he'd ſtray with ſoottſtep ſlow,
Pour forth his ſoul in Elegiac woe;
Invoke the manes of a Parent gone,
And dew with tears the tributary ſtone:
On Friendſhip's pow'rs in loftieſt ſtrains refine,
Or jocund ſing of Momus, Wit, and Wine:
Oft, too, would Fancy's airy regions ſcan,
Sublim'd to ſoul, and leave the earth to man.

At length Jove ſent his Eagle this beheſt——
"Waft my Lorenzo to thy *royal neſt.*"†
The Bird of Jove obey'd, and ſeiz'd his prize,
To give his ſoul in converſe to the ſkies:

* A beautiful Monody on his Father's death.

† A romantic ſituation of his, in Wilts; called by his friends "*The Eagle's Neſt.*"

Love—

Love—love ecſtatic—ſung Olympus round,
And old Anacreon, jealous, caught the ſound.
Lorenzo, ſcorning his terreſtrial frame,
Invok'd an Angel, and——*an Angel came!*

Nov. 1799. KNIGHT TEMPLAR.

WINTER.

BY MISS LESLIE, A YOUNG LADY, TWELVE YEARS OLD.

[*Tune*——"*Poor Jack.*"]

THE north wind has ſcatter'd the leaves o'er the grove,
The valley is cover'd with ſnow:
Come, Caroline, to the wild ſcene let us rove,
Where, laſt Summer, the ſtreamlet did flow:
Now, ſee, the dear riv'let, no more does it glide
Along the green meadows, ſo clear;
And ſee, yonder willow, that grew by its ſide,
Which once did ſo verdant appear;
The ſtreamlet is frozen, and wither'd the tree,
And barren the once graſſy field:
No more the bright flow'rs ſo blooming we ſee,—
All Nature to Winter muſt yield.

Then turn to the garden, laſt Summer ſo gay——
See ev'ry thing drooping around;
Not a flow'r appears to enliven the day,
Since Winter has frozen the ground:
Each buſh, and each ſhrub, hangs ſo drooping its head,
In Summer ſo cheerful and green;
The tulips, the roſes, the pinks are all dead,
Not a leaf or a bloſſom is ſeen;
Alas! what avails it how bright they once were,
What charms they in Summer reveal'd,
Since each flow'r, tho' ever ſo charming and fair,
To the rigour of Winter muſt yield.

Yet in yonder green-houſe the flowers ſtill blow,
The garden's choice beauties are there,
And, bidding defiance to froſt and to ſnow,
Still bloom,—not in Summer more fair:
See tulips, and roſes, and lilies, unfold
Their charms in this happy retreat;
There pinks, yellow daffodils, jonquils behold,
Each flower ſo blooming and ſweet:
They always are lovely, they always are green,
While ſnow heightens the mountain and field;
Theſe flowers are always ſo beautiful ſeen,
Tho' others to Winter muſt yield.

Young

Young Flavia, at preſent ſo lovely and fair,
Whoſe beauty each boſom alarms,
Her days muſt devote to ſad ſorrow and care,
When Age comes to rifle her charms;
For Flavia's devoid of thoſe charms of the mind,
That pleaſe when no others are left;
She'll reſemble the flowers, by Winter, unkind,
Of all their ſweet graces bereft:
Decaying, and wither'd, and cover'd with ſnow,
No charms to the eye are reveal'd;
So will Flavia appear, when Old Age, woman's foe,
Will force her her beauties to yield.

Yet you like the green-houſe, dear Caroline, are,
Where the flow'rs are ſtill in their prime;
Your charms are ſo laſting, ſo lovely, ſo fair,
They ne'er can be rifled by Time:
Your beauty external, dear maiden, may fade,
And ſink under Age's bold blaſt;
Your virtue throughout the dull ſeaſon, ſweet maid,
Like the flow'rs in the green-houſe will laſt:
Thus lovely when young, and ſtill lovely when old,
In all ſeaſons ſome beauties reveal'd,
Then Time, who 'd deſtroy them, with grief ſhall behold
They ne'er to his wiſhes will yield.

SOLUTION TO THE CHARADE

WHICH APPEARED IN OUR LAST.

Wedding.

ENIGMA.

WHAT's better than the bliſsful Heav'ns above?
What's dearer than the charming Girl you love?
What would induce a Biſhop to forſake
His Mitre, and himſelf a Curate make?
What Noble Youths at ſchool and college do;
What's often done, my friend, by me and you;
What Children cry for, but cannot attain;
What makes the old man ſad, the young man vain.
What ſhould diſſolve the tender marriage tie?
What only is allow'd with you to vie?
Theſe artleſs hints, together, prove to ſhew
What's often talk'd of, but we never view.

CHARADES.

CHARADES.

CALCULATED FOR THE PRESENT SEASON.

CHARADE I.

MY Firſt 's an enquiry that's humble;
My Second 's a mandate that's ſtrong:
As I truſt on my Charade you 'll ſtumble,
It ſhall not be prolix, or long.

CHARADE II.

FIVE Senſes are known to pertain
To that ſingular being call'd Man;
And by loſing of one, it is plain
My Firſt would appear in their clan.

My Second 's that wonderful creature,
With merely a letter combining;
My Third, to adhere to good metre,
Is a colour that 's frequent in lining.

My Whole is a favourite game,
Which both maſters and miſſes now play;
But ſhould one of the number prove lame,
I'd have them keep out of the way.

CHARADE III.

MY Firſt is an animal's name;
Again, 'tis expreſſive of ſpite,
Or a temper that 's tinctur'd with blame,
Either pettiſh, or gloomy as night.

My Second a ſerpent reſembles,
And yet may be found in the ſky;
Round my Whole when a party aſſembles
Both Mirth and Good-humour are nigh.

To

To Correſpondents.

A CARD.

G. W. L. *preſents Compliments to the Correſpondents of the* Lady's Monthly Muſeum; *and, ſhould any one of them be in poſſeſſion of an elegant little Poem, concluding with the following Stanzas, particularly requeſts, that (with the* Editor's *permiſſion) it may appear in ſome future Number of that amuſing and inſtructive Miſcellany:*

" Father of All!" he cry'd—" Thy will be done!
" No more I'll weep— no more I'll tempt my doom;
" But with contentment view each riſing Sun,
" Till Age ſhall ſtretch me in Elfrida's tomb!"

The light of Morning ſmil'd upon the wave!
The youth, retiring, ſought his peaceful grove;
There to his God the grateful tribute gave,
And Piety now claims the ties of Love!

Our Correſpondent K., *and ſeveral others, continue to diſtreſs us by the great* length *of their Communications. Except in the caſe of ſome very intereſting ſubject, this will in future be a certain ground of excluſion. We are weary of repeating the obſervation; but ſo much has this evil increaſed, that, had we been ſo diſpoſed, we could have filled the preſent Number with only four different Articles. Short Letters, Eſſays, or Anecdotes, amuſing or inſtructive, as giving room for Variety, will always have a preference in this Work.*

E. A. K. *would oblige us by turning his thoughts to more lively ſubjects. His Remarks on former Correſpondents, however juſt, are not, we believe, generally intereſting to our readers.*

The Changes in Faſhions *ſhall appear in our next; but not with the Original French, which would greatly exceed our limits.*

B. *was received too late for inſertion this month.*

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SEP

Angelica Kauffman.

Published Feb. 1810. by Vernor & Hood, Poultry.